

DOMINION LINOLEUM

Bright Home Interiors add Warmth to Your Welcome

Secure this brightness by choosing the right floor covering—a floor of genuine DOMINION Linoleum. And when properly laid you have a real permanent floor.

Always clean, bright, healthful, and easy to care for, DOMINION Linoleum appeals to women whose time is valuable, and who consider of great importance their health and that of their family. Linoleum is cool in summer, warm in winter.



New patterns for 1922 are now being shown by good floor-covering merchants. They will gladly show you new piece goods for new rugs. Choose DOMINION Linoleums or DOMINION Linoleum rugs for your rooms; they will please you.

Prices are even more favorable now than during 1920.





Licensed Under Patent No. 1,107,518

Use Only Genuine Coleman Mantles

Made in Canada

To get the greatest amount of light and service out of Coleman Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants, you should use only Genuine Coleman Mantles, because—

- 1 They work perfectly with the proper size gas tip and air intake in producing 300 candle power of pure-white light—always restful to the eyes.
- 2 Coleman Mantles are the proper size to insure more efficient and brilliant light than is possible with ordinary mantles.
- 3 Coleman Mantles are full size and non-shrinkable.
- 4 They are properly reinforced at the bottom where the gas pressure is greatest, therefore cannot split at the seam or fall away.
- 5 They are made in Canada, by a special process—especially for use on Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants.

Use only the mantles which have the name Coleman on them.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Dept. 965

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY, Ltd.
Queen St. and Davies Ave. TORONTO, CANADA

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS

Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

St. Andrew's College



TORONTO

A Residential and Day
School
FOR BOYS

UPPER SCHOOL
LOWER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

CALENDAR SENT ON APPLICATION

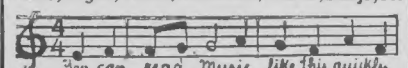
Re-opens after Christmas Vacation January 11, 1922
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD M.A., LL.D.
Headmaster

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR HOME

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Building, Chicago.



A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds, easy to use and effective

You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the sore throat and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor	3
THE NEW YEAR—Nellie L. McClung	3
THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE—By a Layman	14
THE PHILOSOPHER	22
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	40

Fiction and Reality

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME OF WESTERN CANADA—Charlotte Gordon	2
RED AND WHITE—Nellie L. McClung (Continued from November)	4
CATCHING THE BLUE DOG—Bonnycastle Dale	5
THE PASSING OF THE EARL—H. Mortimer Batten	6
THE GIRL WHO PLAYED THE GAME—Greta G. Bidlake	8
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY—Mrs. Nestor Noel	10
TREASURE LANDS—N. Tourneur	12
MODERN JAPAN	13

Regular Departments

ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	17
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker, C. A.	18
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell	20
MUSIC IN THE HOME—Rev. E. H. Maddocks	24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M., Librarian	25
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton	33
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE	37
CHILDREN'S SCOZY CORNER	38

Woman and the Home

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore	30
WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. Cora Hind	31
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	34
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton, Supt. Home Economics, Manitoba Extension Service	32

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG :: :: :: CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and with in the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letter. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.



THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

Try a Different BREAKFAST

Try Roman Meal — the delicious whole grain cereal, nut-like in flavor. You'll find it far more nourishing than any other breakfast food—and it's more economical.

Appetizing
Satisfying
Energizing



AT YOUR GROCERS

12

The
ORIGINAL
and only
GENUINE

Beware of Imitations
sold on the merits of

13



Maps

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

Other maps for all purposes
Write for price list or further information
Stovel Company Ltd.
A Complete Bannatyne Avenue
Printing Service WINNIPEG



J. H. M. Carson

Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

338 Colony Street Winnipeg
Established 1900
The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Infants—Mothers

Thousands testify

Horlick's

The Original
Malted Milk

Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for 1/3 of a Century.
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Western Canada's
Home Magazine

Issued Monthly

WINNIPEG, MAN., JANUARY, 1922

15c Per Copy

5852

2



DOMINION LINOLEUM

Bright Home Interiors add Warmth to Your Welcome

Secure this brightness by choosing the right floor covering—a floor of genuine DOMINION Linoleum. And when properly laid you have a real permanent floor.

Always clean, bright, healthful, and easy to care for, DOMINION Linoleum appeals to women whose time is valuable, and who consider of great importance their health and that of their family. Linoleum is cool in summer, warm in winter.



New patterns for 1922 are now being shown by good floor-covering merchants. They will gladly show you new piece goods for new rugs. Choose DOMINION Linoleums or DOMINION Linoleum rugs for your rooms; they will please you.

Prices are even more favorable now than during 1920.





Licensed Under Patent No. 1,107,518

Use Only Genuine Coleman Mantles

Made in Canada

To get the greatest amount of light and service out of Coleman Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants, you should use only Genuine Coleman Mantles, because—

- 1 They work perfectly with the proper size gas tip and air intake in producing 300 candle power of pure-white light—always restful to the eyes.
- 2 Coleman Mantles are the proper size to insure more efficient and brilliant light than is possible with ordinary mantles.
- 3 Coleman Mantles are full size and non-shrinkable.
- 4 They are properly reinforced at the bottom where the gas pressure is greatest, therefore cannot split at the seam or fall away.
- 5 They are made in Canada, by a special process—especially for use on Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants.

Use only the mantles which have the name Coleman on them.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to Dept. 965

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY, Ltd.
Queen St. and Davies Ave. TORONTO, CANADA

Goddard's Plate Powder

For polishing Silver



SIX GOLD MEDALS
Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

St. Andrew's College



TORONTO

A Residential and Day School
FOR BOYS

UPPER SCHOOL
LOWER SCHOOL

Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business.

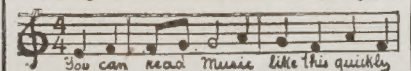
CALENDAR SENT ON APPLICATION
Re-opens after Christmas Vacation January 11, 1922
REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD M.A., LL.D.
Headmaster

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

IN YOUR HOME

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895

Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



You can read Music like this quickly
Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE Booklet, which explains everything in full. American School of Music, 2 Lakeside Building, Chicago.



A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds, easy to use and effective

You just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the sore throat and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Bldg. Montreal

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

table of CONTENTS



Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor	3
THE NEW YEAR—Nellie L. McClung	3
THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE—By a Layman	14
THE PHILOSOPHER	22
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING	40

Fiction and Reality

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME OF WESTERN CANADA—Charlotte Gordon	2
RED AND WHITE—Nellie L. McClung (Continued from November)	4
CATCHING THE BLUE DOG—Bonnycastle Dale	5
THE PASSING OF THE EARL—H. Mortimer Batten	6
THE GIRL WHO PLAYED THE GAME—Greta G. Bidlake	8
WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY—Mrs. Nestor Noel	10
TREASURE LANDS—N. Tournour	12
MODERN JAPAN	13

Regular Departments

ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell	17
DOLLARS AND CENTS—A. E. Parker, C. A.	18
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell	20
MUSIC IN THE HOME—Rev. E. H. Maddocks	24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M., Librarian	25
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton	33
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE	37
CHILDREN' SCOZY CORNER	38

Woman and the Home

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore	30
WOMAN'S QUIET HOUR—E. Cora Hind	31
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS	34
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton, Supt. Home Economics, Manitoba Extension Service	32

The HOME PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG :: :: :: :: CANADA

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and with in the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letter. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

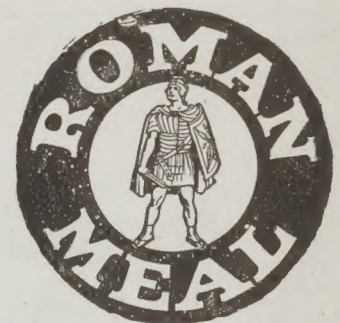


THE ONLY HOUSEHOLD
MAGAZINE OF THE
CANADIAN WEST

Try a Different BREAKFAST

Try Roman Meal — the delicious whole grain cereal, nut-like in flavor. You'll find it far more nourishing than any other breakfast food—and it's more economical.

**Appetizing
Satisfying
Energizing**



AT YOUR GROCERS

12

**The
ORIGINAL
and only
GENUINE**

Beware of Imitations
sold on the merits of

13



Maps

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c. for each province, post paid.

Other maps for all purposes
Write for price list or further information
Stovel Company Ltd.
A Complete Bannatyne Avenue
Printing Service WINNIPEG

J. H. M. Carson

Manufacturer of
ARTIFICIAL LIMBS

338 Colony Street Winnipeg
Established 1900
The Latest in Slip Socket. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Infants—Mothers

Thousands testify

Horlick's
The Original
Malted Milk

Upbuilds and sustains the body
No Cooking or Milk required
Used for 1/3 of a Century.
Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.

Time has not yet furnished the perspective necessary to a precise estimate of the work of the Empire builders of Western Canada. To travel through the new West is to follow the trail of these men of vision and in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, there has been a development which could be achieved only through energy and vision. One of the far-sighted pioneers of this choice corner of Arcadia was the late R. H. Agur of Summerland, who did a work which lives in the heart of his countrymen in the development of the beautiful estate, "Balcomo Lodge," now one of the assets of the new West. It lies in Prairie Valley near Summerland, significant in name as the sunny centre of the Okanagan valley. Conjuring up the scene in the sheltered valley, as viewed from the hills, "Balcomo Lodge" seemed an abode of peace in the midst of a lovely country. Nature and art had combined

A Beautiful Country Home of Western Canada

By Charlotte Gordon

and about it was the charm of old world estates in the lawns, gardens, orchards, hedges, drives, all making an ideal setting for the stately white house with its green gables and vines. The wooded stream that runs through the estate, is one of the attractions, with its rustic bridges and one hears its hidden bable as it murmurs musically on to the lake. The long pergola, rose covered, the sloping lawn, the flower bordered paths, all beckon one to fresh delights.

How strange it seems that these lovely stretches were not long since in indisputed

possession of the Indian, the trader and the wild animal they hunted. Yet there is the same beauty of sunsets, the same distant sublime mountains, with their wonderful effects of light and shade and always the mystery of the Okanagan urging at the heart strings.

The late Mr. Agur was for many years a power in the agricultural and commercial progress of the Canadian north-west as manager of the North-west branch of the Massey-Harris Company, with headquarters at Winnipeg. He had charge of 200 agencies in the great grain growing

district from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains. He associated himself with the development of the Okanagan Valley and Summerland in 1903. To have won from nature the wonderful slopes of productive land, and to have created many of the rare beauties that man could devise in the picturesque of "Balcomo Lodge," is a work that very truly lives after him.

Mrs. Agur continues to beautify "Balcomo Lodge," which, with its rare tapestries, handsome rugs, and choice art collection, picked up in all corners of the world, has about it that mellowed and finished atmosphere that is in keeping with the colorful setting. Mr. Agur's four sons have charge of the estate and carry on the work under scientific management with evidence of a careful development that has the abiding charm that lingers around the dwellings of home loving people.



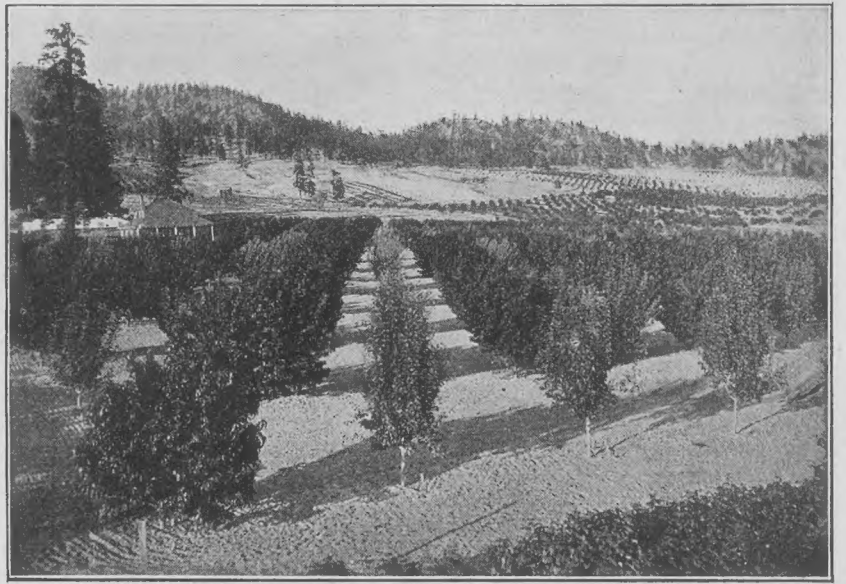
Balcoma Lodge built by the late R. H. Agur, now occupied by Mrs. R. H. Agur.



Balcoma Ranch—some of its pure bred Holstein-Friesian cows—in clover.



Balcoma Lodge, Oak entrance gates supported by massive stone pillars guard both ends of circular drive way.



Balcoma Ranch, Summerland, B. C.



A pleasing vista of hedges, grape vines, fruit trees and hill side.



Fishing like Fruit growing—worth while—Summerland, B. C.



WHY BE A GROUCH

Have you ever observed that it is the sunny optimistic people who keep the world right? Then do not grouch. Be hopeful. The way to make people and conditions better is to believe they are going to be better. Have the will to believe.

Of course things are bad in Ireland, but there is a bright side. The Irish are light-hearted, naturally joyous, and they are in earnest. Their chief trouble is on this side of the Atlantic. The English Parliament has been stupid, dilatory, and all the rest of it but Englishmen were never more anxious to be just than at the present time. And justice will win out. If it is dark now, it will be dawn in another hour. Just call this Irish trouble a national sickness. Ordinary medicines, such as patience, arbitration, common sense, have availed but little. Just let the disease run its course. We hoped for an immediate solution of the problem. The fact that a solution is not reached by the methods attempted, does not mean there is no solution. One day it will come, and we shall all wonder how simple it was. Only let us hope.

(This was written at six o'clock in the morning. At seven o'clock the paper came with news of the settlement. Let no man say it was strategy and luck that averted disaster. It was the optimism, the faith and courage of a great soul that won the day).

And things are not good on the farm. Prices for farm products have gone down to zero, and railroad rates have crippled trade. Yet surely the world is coming back to normal, and with a renewal of world conditions, we shall thrive. If we look at our bank account, we may well despair, but if we lift our eyes, we can see that the clouds of world-depression are lifting. The national resentment of the human heart against licensed tyranny of privileged classes led to excesses that were inexcusable, both here and abroad, but on every hand, even in the home of the Red Anarchy, reason is beginning to assert herself. The world is surely swinging into life again.

No, the church is not going to pieces, people have not lost their faith in the Almighty. Never before was there such religious earnestness as to-day. The fact that in matters of belief and practice all do not agree is not a sign of weakness. It is proof that individuality is asserting itself. This is not a misfortune but a cause for gratitude. Let us be thankful when we see any man so deeply religious that he is in earnest. He is doing his best in his own way. And good-living people are more numerous now than ever. So why listen to the grouch? This little church around the corner does more real good to-day in ministering to the needs of the hungry and thirsty, than a dozen churches of a few years ago. It has caught the spirit of service. The essence of religion is not a belief but a practice. In Christian practice the church has undoubtedly moved forward. And so why grouch?

Things are not going well at home? Well, why not smile? Smiles are infectious. Tell a good story or spring a joke. That is infinitely better than frowning and fault finding. The children of course, are not like the children of your boyhood and girlhood, but they have merits of which you never dreamed. You were lovely in your own way. They are lovely in theirs. The world has changed. Why not recognize the change and the necessity for it. "It never pays to hang on to the tail of progress and holler, Whoa!" The old home life with its sobriety and quiet and lack of emotion was lovely in its time, but the newer home with its commotion and vivacity is not a bad place if it is only animated with joy and love. A pack of cards does not do as much harm as a sour countenance. The odor of a pipe is sweeter than the odor of intolerant sanctity. The home must be a place of gladness. In the sunshine all life thrives.

Has the school failed? Why, never! We say children cannot write and spell. Did you ever resurrect your own old exercise books? Just find a few of them and make comparisons. But of course that is not the big thing about a school anyway. The question to ask is this: Is it fitting boys and girls for the complex life of to-day as well as the old-time school fitted us for our simple life? Present conditions in the world are due to

us rather than to the children, and if things are not right it must have been our own schools rather than present schools that are to blame. The young people just now are showing a keener interest in education than ever before. The high-schools and colleges are crowded. Emphasis is being laid upon the development of right social relations. That is exactly as it should be. Get into the band-wagon and help to make the music. Don't stand to one side and make light of the parade. The world is moving. The schools are improving. They are the greatest force for good in the land to-day. Give them a chance.

THE NEW WARFARE

And so the battleship is not the strength of the navy, and the big gun is not the protection of the army nor the greatest weapon of offence. The next war will claim its toll of death in tens of thousands where thousands have fallen in the past. It will be brief because all the developments of science will be employed, quickly, surely and with grim precision. Whole cities will be obliterated in an hour, non-combatants will fall dead in their tracks, for poison gas is no respecter of persons.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas for Remembering—New Year
for Forgetting

Time is the only true democrat. Everyone gets all the time there is! and at the same flat rate. We pay for it whether we use it or not!

So we should enter into our inheritance of the New Year, with gladness.

It has the charm of all new things, clean, crisp, fresh and sparkling. Let us refuse to "carry forward" on its clean pages any of the grief which blotted 1921. The Old Year has had its heart breaks, disappointments, and losses. We have all had our jolts! Let us forget them, they are over. The books are closed—the meeting has adjourned—the lights are out—the doors are locked. It is all over!

And along comes Nineteen Twenty-Two! Young, new, shining. Give it a chance. Expect good things in 1922, look for them, believe they are coming! knowing that in God's Providence, there is nothing too good to be true!

Nellie L. McClung.

And what of the sea? "The torpedo, unaimed, but with a mechanical device that steers it on its course to the steel armour of a warship will send a crew of 1,500 officers and men to death in the seas. Those who struggle gamely for life will be smothered with gas." War will no longer witness deeds of bravery. There will be no close contact with bayonet and sabre.

It is since the armistice that the science of warfare has made the greatest strides. The methods of new warfare will be as far ahead of those employed in the great war, as they were in advance of the methods of the Indians who relied on tomahawk and scalping-knife.

It is easy to picture the results of chemical warfare. A fleet of aeroplanes with tons of mustard gas hover over a great city. In a moment death falls from the sky. Those not blinded are burned. No one can picture the disaster of one short hour. And so the pictures might be multiplied.

What then must we do under the circumstances? Just this. Call a halt in this whole cursed business. Let us support the Conference at Washington. Let us back up every effort that makes for disarmament. Then in our later days we can look back upon these times and wonder how human beings could be so foolish as to engage in war. Nature has endowed man with enlarged brain and given him time for development so that he might reflect and reason. Are we not sufficiently civilized to use reason rather than force? War is inhuman. Let us in the name of all that is human try to make an end of it.

500,000,000 FOR RELIGION

The Census Bureau reports that the principal religious bodies in the United States receive contributions aggregating about \$500,000,000 from their members every year. This is at the rate of about a third as much as the people of the United States spent a year for admission to the moving picture theatres when the latest survey of that industry was made.

There were about 105,000,000 inhabitants of the United States in 1920, and of these 40,000,000 are credited with allegiance to various religious organizations. The \$500,000,000 contributed to religious causes figures out at a little less than \$5 a year a head for the population, and at \$12.50 a head a year for those holding membership in religious bodies. The per capita expenditure for moving pictures figures out at about \$13.70 a year.

The people get their religious instruction at a pretty low cost. The ministrations for which they expend \$500,000,000 a year are worth a great deal more than that.

THE OATH OF THE YOUNG CITIZEN

The Athenians had a beautiful initiation ceremony when their young men were admitted into citizenship. One of the features was the taking of the Ephebic oath. It ran something after this fashion:—

I will never disgrace these sacred arms, nor desert my companions in the ranks.

I will fight for temples and public property both alone and with many.

I will transmit my fatherland, not only not less, but greater and better than it was transmitted to me.

I will obey the magistrates who may at any time be in power. I will observe both the existing laws and those which the people may unanimously hereafter make, and if any person seek to annul the laws or to set them at naught, I will do my best to prevent him and will defend them alone and with many.

I will honor the religion of my fathers.

The suggestion is made that for us a somewhat similar oath might be administered. If not that, then a graduation ceremony might be held in every school and college at which young men and women would be formally admitted to the rights of citizenship. Our young people assume their responsibilities too lightly, and often are ignorant of their duties as citizens. Would it not be well to take citizenship seriously.

AN EXPERIMENT THAT FAILED

Some time ago the American Congress placed a duty of thirty-five cents a bushel on Canadian wheat. Wheat was then worth about \$1.70. Then a law was passed abolishing grain gambling, and it was said that surely this was getting at the root of the evil. Well, the other day, wheat sold in Chicago at a dollar.

The fact is that "We are in the grip of world forces too powerful for anyone country to thwart or escape, too far fated in their operation to be swerved by hasty legislation." And here is a lesson for producers everywhere. If we would get prices right we must get world conditions right. The price of labor in Sweden, the cost of transportation in Switzerland, have their effects on us. We cannot live to ourselves. It is in the world markets that we buy and sell. And so the business of the world is our business. Isolation spells ruin.

The dance was a wierd sort of shuffling two-step which has since become very popular, with runs and glides which were quite bewildering. Johnny had not seen it before, and took his cigar from his mouth to watch. There was something fascinating about it too. The cashier, who passed by, dancing with one of the delivery men, was the most watched girl on the floor. Her blouse was the thinnest in texture and lowest in cut, her skirt the shortest and tightest, and her hold of her partner the closest and most gripping. She had often said that what she did, she did well, and her style of fox-trotting bore out the statement.

"Some fine stepper" - he said to himself.

It so happened that when the music stopped, she was right beside him, and as she turned to find a seat, brushed closely against his coat sleeve, exuding the sweet odor of violets. Quite unconsciously she raised her eyes, and suddenly let her lids fall in apparent confusion. "You sure can dance," Johnny said wondering at his own boldness, as he motioned her to take his seat.

"O, do you think so?" she murmured, "I love it, you know, don't you?"

She was flicking a wandering hairpin as she spoke. Her voice was as sweet as the tinkle of the Mission bells.

"We never danced much at the Mission" - Johnny said, blushing pleasantly.

"It's no trick to learn" volunteered the cashier, "I'm sure I could show you how - but not here in this mob - of course, but if we had a little room - I could show you - I've showed lots of boys, but I have to have room. If you come out on the verandah where there ain't so many dancers, I'll show you in no time. I just know it would be easy for you."

Johnny didn't know just how it happened. There is a word for it - several words with Latin derivation - they all mean the same - it is a sort of temporary displacement of affection - not serious if re-arranged in time. The evening air from the lake was soft as velvet and resonant with laughter and gaiety; the band played the sort of music which sends rhythmic thrills through the heart, and a "cut out" was pounding in Johnny's impressionable heart - the flattery in the cashier's eyes was irresistible.

When the dancing lesson, accompanied by much laughter and ragging from an interested group of spectators, was over, and Johnny, who had a quick ear and sense of rhythm was complete master of the fox-trot, - Miss Speers openly babbled of an ice-cream soda, declaring that after a hot dance it was the thing she was fond of.

To her surprise, her companion with a hurried word of thanks, abruptly declared he had forgotten all about a friend of his who was waiting for him - and that he must go.

"It's my girl!" he said, with a quick blush of boyish confusion, "Geel, I don't know what she'll say," - and he was gone!

Miss Speers' look of surprise was so apparent, that the crowd around laughed goodhumoredly.

"Stung, Kiddo!" they cried.

"Well, what do you know about that for ingratitude?"

"He hasn't a girl at all, I'll bet - he just wanted to save the two-bits."

"He's nothing but a cheap skate",

"Come and teach me," one big fellow said, laughing, "and I'll pay in advance, I won't leave you high and dry without even a cone at the end of the lesson either, - I'll treat teacher both times."

Miss Speer made a brave attempt to join in the fun, but her pride had received a severe shock in the Indian boy's abrupt departure.

"Gee-Whizz!" she said to Miss Brown, who was one of the company, "did I dream it, or is it true - tell me, Brown, did that boy turn me down - did he actually say he had a girl some place - another girl? What right has he to be thinking of another girl when I'm giving full time to him! I feel like the defeated candidate, Brown."

"O, leave the Indian boy alone, Speers, said her friend, I like him all the better because he did remember his girl - you've got more fellows than you've time for now."

"Sure Mike" - said Miss Speer modestly, "but it's the principle of the thing. I can't afford to lose my punch, Brown. You don't understand - it's professional

Red and White

By Nellie L. McClung

(Continued from December)

pride with me, - and now listen - draw near - and hear - this will cost him more than the price of a soda before he's done! He started something when he put me in the place where people had the laugh on me!"

Johnny meanwhile, quite unconscious of the storm he had left behind him, went to the place where Minnie had said she would meet him, and not finding her there, proceeded to the hotel to find out the reason for her delay.

The summer evening was going; already the purple shadows were wrapping the shores, and the lights on the motor boats glittered in the falling twilight. Cautious mothers were making their way to the shore with coats and sweaters for their ungrateful children, for the first breath of Autumn had come, and the faint sadness which it brings touched Johnny's young heart, and he shivered with a vague sense of dread.

"Darn it all" - he muttered to himself, "Why can't things last, - we've had no summer yet."

A sense of disappointment filled his heart - the evening had gone wrong - and it was all Minnie's fault - she would stick around there until the last pan was washed - she was too honest - Minnie was - she went hunting work, and did more than any two of the other girls.

On the way to the hotel he met the stranger whose remarks regarding half-breeds had called forth his indignation. The stout gentleman was in an amiable and apologetic mood, and had his own reasons for a conference with the Indian

Starblanket. This man, wealthy and important as he undoubtedly was, had apologized to him.

The Indian is always magnanimous and gracious, - "The incident is forgotten" said Johnny, in the stately manner of his great-grandfather.

"Perhaps you would tell me something about this very beautiful girl - beauty interests every one, and I cannot pass a flower, a tree or a beautiful scene, without stopping to admire it - it is my habit of mind - This girl would attract attention in New York City, with her ease and grace of movement. Am I asking too much if I ask you to tell me about her?"

"There is nothing much to tell," said Johnny; "she attended the Mission School when I did, and - has good people on her mother's side. They are the Fox Hills Indians in Saskatchewan. Her mother was one of the Chief's daughters, and she was born here nineteen years ago, I think."

"But what about her father," the white man asked, and if Johnny had been looking closely - he would have noticed that the flabby hands twitched nervously.

"No one knows much about him," said Johnny slowly, - she doesn't talk, neither did her mother - it is forgotten. Indian women do not tell their troubles" - he concluded proudly.

A wave of relief swept over the other man's face - "Indian women do not tell their troubles" - behind that kindly wall his craven soul covered and felt itself hidden. Just for a moment - then the thought came tormentingly from somewhere, that it was just possible that the Indian boy knew more than he was telling; it might be well to find out for sure, - there was one way of loosening any man's tongue - Indian or white - one sure way to make a man tell what was in his heart - It was just an off-chance - this suspicion of his, most improbable - and yet not impossible, and for his own satisfaction, he wanted to know how much was known.

"Miss Harcastle is engaged to be married to me," said Johnny, after a pause. "We expect to be married at Christmas if I get the promotion I am looking for."

"My boy," said the older man warmly, and in his desire to accomplish his object his words sounded almost sincere.

"My boy, I congratulate you, and wish you the very best of life's good things. You deserve them all, too - you and your beautiful young lady, - and now let us have a drink to your best happiness."

He turned towards the door of the bar, but Johnny stopped him.

"You forget" he said, that Indians cannot be supplied with liquor in public bars."

The other man laughed, - "O no, my boy I wasn't forgetting, and I wasn't going near the bar. I carry a little all the time for emergencies my boy - cramps - snake bites - weddings - engagements - I'm prepared, this seems to be one of the times. Rotten tough luck too, not to be able to get a drink like other people - rank injustice, I say. But if these infernal temperance cranks get their way, we'll all be in the same boat in a year from now - so let us get a drink while we can."

"I'm sorry" said Johnny hastily, "but I am looking for Miss Harcastle now I have missed her some way and I don't want to keep her waiting."

"Say boy" said the older man - lowering his voice, "don't run after 'em too much. They're all the same - keep 'em guessing - that's the system - don't let 'em be too sure of you - Now I've had my own way with women all my life, and I let them do the chasing if there was any to be done."

"She's different," said the Indian boy simply - "She's independent and high tempered - She'd not stand anything; - there's too many fellows after her - white

men too, lots of them - she never looks at any of them though."

"Lad, you've got a lot to learn about women - now come with me, - my room is on the first floor - it will only take a minute, and remember - a year from now there may not be any in the country, so take a snort while you can - I say. It will make you enjoy your evening all the more - I'm as dry as a covered bridge."

In half an hour, Johnny and his companion came back to the pavilion. The latter, accustomed as he was to the effect of liquor, comfortably warmed and stimulated, feeling himself rather a fine fellow with only the weaknesses of other fine fellows, all very attractive failings too, and excusable on the ground of a frail humanity:-

John Starblanket's outlook on life had suffered more. The fine passionate tenderness of his heart was driven out by something coarse, sensual and selfish - something which made him, his wishes and desires, the centre of his little world, instead of the girl whom he had loved so well. Toward her now he had a feeling of annoyance - disappointment - even anger, and he asked over and over again "Why wasn't she here when she promised. No one had seen her."

His annoyance soon passed, in the glamor of the lights and the music and the exaltation which was growing in his heart, for John Starblanket's training and education had broken down temporarily, and all the primitive savage instincts were surging over him. He wanted action, noise, motion, excitement, admiration. If it had been forty years earlier, he could have painted his face, sharpened his tomahawk and found an outlet for his turbulent soul in stalking some of the young braves of another tribe. But this was in the year of grace nineteen hundred and fourteen, and there were laws and conventions to be considered.

To all intents, John Starblanket was a white man, an employe of a great railway, a young man of promise, who held a position of trust. The law had placed a ban on the evil thing that had the power to set aside his training and turn him back to savagery again. But even the law cannot control that elusive, uncertain, and variable factor which enters into every human equation. Individuals can find a way to evade and elude the law, and so make its good purpose of no effect. The law had tried to save John Starblanket from his enemy - but the law had failed.

As he swung gaily in among the dancers who now surged around the pavilion in a promenade, it so happened that the cashier from the notions was the first person he saw, and she, for her own purposes, smiled up at him in a way that made his eyes shine with a mistier light.

To be concluded in February Number.

THE MARCHING FEET

By Grace G. Bostwick

The ghostly sound of marching feet—
dear God!

The heart of me lies under foreign sod
Where one is laid who gave his life to save
The world from slavery and the Hunnish
knaave

While I go on my same old dimple way,
Attending to the cares of every day
But ever, at my toil I seem to hear
Those marching feet—they haunt me till
I fear

Lest I forget my precious grief so sweet—
Hush!—Ah, that awful sound of marching
feet!

THE WALL

By Ida M. Thomas

Before me looms a wall so big and gray,
I cannot see a vestige of my way
Beyond today.

Between me and the wall there is a space,
Just wide and long enough for me to trace
This one day's race.

There was a time I beat against my cell
Where I was doomed by circumstance to
dwell.
Now all is well!

For, far above, I catch a glimpse of sky,
And at my feet green grass and flowers
lie—
Content am I!

Perhaps it's well I can't see to the end;
And after this, I'm going to contend,
The wall's my friend!



Johnny Starblanket dances with a city girl

CATCHING THE BLUE DOG

How the Halibut Fishermen take the Big Mackerel Shark off Southern Nova Scotia Shores

By Bonnycastle Dale

Scotia Shores

Illustrated by Laddie

There were long whisks of wind-blown clouds and a moaning in the surf as we put out from the sheltered harbour. The tide was with us as we bobbed along out of the channel or "Eastern Passage" as the Cape Sable Island men call it. This late August day saw quite a bit of sail and steam passing up and down about the Cape but keeping a good bit out as the dashing spray off the outer "Southwestern Ledges" gave them fair warning. There is a "dummy" buoy off the "South Beach Sands" and another off "Cornwallis Rock" where the warship of that celebrated name located one day a few years ago. The big lighthouse on the Cape with its "second class" light and its rough old foghorn keeps them off this sand dune island. There was a bit of a roll already before the Nor'easter and just a hint of wind chop on the tops.

A big flock of "Harbour coot" or "butterbills" flew off over the blue-green seas. We were one of the first out but many a dark hull of about our size was now coming bobbing out over the seas, for had not one man taken three big halibut which totalled close up to eight hundred pounds, and this with the fish at 12 cents for grey (over 100 lbs) and 15 cents for white—those under 100.

A bit to the westward of our course is where the old Hungarian struck and scattered her cargo and broke to pieces—there is a regular fringe of fangs for the unwary captain about these Nova Scotian coasts. We now were passing flocks of hundreds of "Sea Geese" little phalarope which look like shore-birds but feed far out at sea. "Come and see the race!" called Laddie—Off between us and the rising sun sailed two of the strangest craft human eye ever gazed upon—two big "Portuguese-men-of-war" with great pinkish blue jelly-like sails raised over their big jelly fish bodies were using the favouring breeze to go—where? These odd free swimming hydroids were as big as washbasins—the body looked dark blue as it lay in the sea but the transparent sail gleamed and glinted in all the colours of the rainbow—odd creatures, really a colony of marine creatures—each had a blue jellylike anchor chain of strands extending some thirty feet, behind it, by clever sailorman's work it steers its course across the boundless deep by these long fragile strands—away they went up and down the big smooth swells on their endless journeyings.

Some big thing raised a bit above the sea and threw a spurt of water up against the red disk of the sun—it may have been a "blackfish" as they call the small Killer whale here—or a swordfish breaking water.

"Seen one o' them send its ol' sword plum' through the bottom of a dory and out on the side a bit. We cut a shark up on't off Florida with a swordfish tucked away inside of him and maybe he wasn't punched full of sword holes before he got his fish swallowed" said "O-be-Joyful" at the wheel—this is not his real name but Laddie is tangled up on Obadiah.

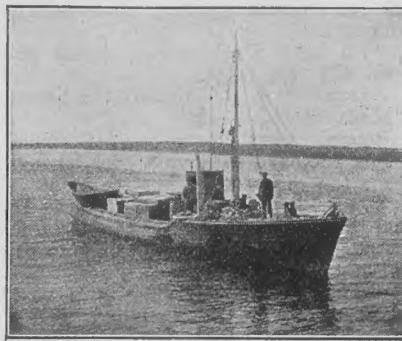
We were now in about thirty fathoms of water and the big "scates" or tubs of trawl line were got ready, each baited with a chunk of herring for which the men had paid forty cents a bucket at the fish plant. Out went the dory and the long trawl line and the "Kags" were thrown over and we lay at anchor in the motor boat bobbing on the swell and doing a bit of handlining as there were a few cod about—Luckily that pest the dogfish was absent or they would have gobbled all the bait before ever a cod got a nibble at it.

I was interestedly watching the stream of sail passing. Two masters and tern (threemaster) schooners and one big glory of a white one came along with four sticks and her cloths new and gleaming white and she rose and dipped on the big swells like a lady curtseying—of course she was not a fullrigged ship, we have not seen one of these on this coast—the "Holt Hill" on the Pacific—a true "full rigged" with brasses gleaming and middies in uniform touching their caps to the officers, yes and even to us landlubbers—was the last one we have seen of the great fleet which made Britain Mistress of the Seas. Another one we found away off on the sands away up Vancouver Island on the Pacific Coast buried to the top of her timbers, these were of two by two oak logs firmly spiked together with three foot iron spikes—there she lay seemingly indestructible—no man knew when she was cast ashore or, her name or cargo, and the sands had slowly but surely engulfed her.

"Line's parted!" I heard a voice say and I returned post haste from daydreaming of the Pacific and its ships to see that one of the men had taken up a "kag" and was hauling in the trawl. It came so easily that he knew something had thrashed it in two in its frenzy. A few cod were on our end as we hauled in and we scooted over the swells at full speed to get that other keg which bobbed with its green ringed white body on the windchop top of the swells—the Nor'easter was picking up force and the tops were getting white all over—in came the wee white barrel and and hand over hand in came the trawl line—a cod here and there, stripped hooks or maybe a bait left on—and then some-

thing white and black which turned and thrashed in the clear green sea.

"Blue dog" said O-be-Joyful.
"Tis" said the other longwinded fisherman. Laddie rushed and grabbed the big gaff and handed it to one of the men—in came the big blue and white thing with its mouth gasping open and showing a set of cruel white gleaming



Our fishing-boat, good for almost any sea

spears in the top jaw—what a thing of horror he must be to the fish he is pursuing—the protruding eye, the torpedo snout, the mighty tail twisting, curving and switching and then just before it is all over the fearful cave of sharp tearing teeth disclosed. Now add to this the primeval terror of the seas when the sun has set and darkness falls and this great devouring thing is semi-phosphorescent. A submarine; all glowing as it darts ahead in pursuit, truly gave us a thankful heart that we were not a sweet eating food fish.

The big black eye with its white rim under our dissecting knife yielded but a large glassy ball and on the eyesocket where the dark coloured pigment lay—why just the tip of Laddie's little finger passed over it and it had disappeared—only a smudge on his fingertip was left of all the dark beauties of that huge eye.

Later under the knife we found that this ancient form of simple fish has no complex bones or scales—all is gristle, not a single thing in all the big body that might be preserved as a specimen save those terrible teeth. One very odd thing about this chaps dentistry is that it can never lose a tooth for keeps for there is a growing line right back of it that is ever ready to pop another tooth into place—there were three lines of the immature teeth in our friend the "blue dog."

I am unable to tell if this shark gives birth to the young alive as so many of the family do, or if it sends them out

as eggs in those strange "mermaids purses" those black empty parchment things you find upon the beach. When these float off from the mothers pouch they are driven towards the shore, but once there the odd black tendrils on the corners wrap tightly around some growing plant and hang on until the young shark is hatched out and backs out from the then opened end of the eggcase. "Now!—as she rolls!" said O!-B!-J—and just as he said it up popped out of the briny the biggest "blue-dog" or Mackerel shark we had ever seen—it slid over the low side of the motor boat and catapulted in right in amid the legs of the dodging crew. As if to show just what it had it snapped its big sharp toothed jaws together—"snap!-snap! Make a nice mouse trap!" said Laddie and all the men grinned.

While it thrashed and rolled and humped itself and slid all over that small deck space it just missed several well intentioned blows which would have gone a long way towards finishing it. At last one of the men who was armed with a big spruce lobster buoy which we had picked up, hit it fairly several times and the huge blue thing trembled and shook and gasped and died—mercifully. "See—thar's another of them sharks!" said O!B!J!—and sure enough a big dark shape rolled under the boat and sank in the green seawater.

"Yesterday when I was haulin' trawl I seen one of them fellers comin' right up after the cod I had on and he snapped it in two just as you would a candy and he left just a neat head and some guts a trailin'—snapped off slick and clean." said O.B.J.

While the men set trawl again and fished Laddie and I examined the big thing—the day was too dark and the boat thrashing too much to get a picture of it so we made our notes.

A bit over six feet long and a girth of over three feet with sandpaper skin if you rub from tail to head and great flukes for a tail and mighty black sail for a back fin, with a white ringed eye as big as a bottle end popping out of his odd blunt ended pointed peak of a head and with five odd slits to breath through but it was the ivory ornaments in the mouth we were most interested in—these dagger sharp fangs were set curving out and right up and curving in, in three sets in the bottom jaw and two sets with 48 teeth.

Laddie will spend parts of the rest of his life finding this egg laying habit out but as there are 150 different kinds of sharks he will have ample study. Luckily there are but very few of these sharks which would eat a bit off a man

Continued on page 16



An Octopus



Blue Dog or Mackerel Shark

THE PASSING OF THE EARL

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

Dan Dingo leant against the counter of the Branson House Saloon, in Siarra Cross City. Siarra Cross, he it understood, is one of the few surviving outlaw cities "on the other side" of the Rio Grand, and when an outlaw gets there he is regarded as conveniently beyond the reach of the law. Thus Siarra Cross is full of bad men, but among the present population Dan Dingo was regarded as the worst. Bad men spoke of him as a Bad Man, and even in Siarra Cross he was feared and dreaded.

Dan Dingo leant against the counter, I say, just sufficiently tipsy to be in a playful mood. He drained his glass, and put it down with a clatter that cracked it. The bar-tender glared at him, but said nothing. Dan looked around at the other toughs that filled the room, and announced that he was thirsty. "I'm thirsty," he repeated. "and I'm broke. Ain't any of you gentlemen going to stand me a drink?"

A little red-haired man, hiding in the corner, sniggered. Probably it was the idea of being alluded to as a gentleman that amused him, but his snigger annoyed Dan.

"Here you, Ginger, get up and stand a round!" shouted the bully. "That will give you something to laugh at. I ain't going to have any son of a gun laughing at me!"

The little man was clearly alarmed. I wasn't laughing at you, Dan," he announced. "I was only sucking my tongue. "Sucking your tongue!" sneered the desperado. "If your tongue's so dry as it want a sucking, get up and stand a round!"

The little man wriggled nervously. All eyes were upon him. "I'd stand you drinks gladly, Dan," he said, "but the truth is I'm broke! I ain't got a cent!"

But Dan was out to bully someone, and he wasn't going to let a chance slip by. "Get up!" he bellowed. He strode across the room and caught the little man by the necker, twisting it till his eyes bulged. "Get up and stand your footing, or by Jingo I'll juggle with you!"

The other men did not like this. When a fellow citizen announced that he was broke, that ought to be enough.

"Never mind him, Dan," said someone eventually. "He ain't got the money to pay for drinks. Here, I'll stand a round. What you havin'?"

Dan saw that prevalent feeling was against him, but he was not to be balked of his bit of fun. "Well, if Ginger ain't going to stand drinks," he said, "he's got to sing a song. He ain't going to laugh at me for nothing. Get up on the table you little desert rat!" he bawled. "Get up and sing—d'you hear me? Sing!"

The little man scrambled obediently on to the table, looking very absurd. He was trembling with fear, and stood with his hands behind him. "What have I got to sing?" he asked mildly. "I don't know no words!"

This annoyed Dan Dingo, so by way of reply he threw a jug at the little man. Fortunately the latter dodged, and the jug hit a mirror. Both the jug and the mirror broke, which was supposed to be bad luck in Branson House. In dodging, Ginger lost his balance, and fell to the floor. The bar-tender scowled at Dan, who wheeled, caught the little man by the scruff of the neck and seat of the trousers, and hoisted him roughly back to the table. "Now sing!" he commanded. "Sing quickly!"

So Ginger began to sing. It was the most horrible sound imaginable. It reminded one of the rasping of sandpaper and the cutting of glass.

"Way down upon Kentucky Riv—err!"

He looked at Dan to see the effects.

"Rotten!" announced Dan. "Go on!"

"Far—far from 'ome!"

"'Tis there my heart is wandering iv—err!"

"Far from my 'ome sweet 'ome."

"Ere!" gasped Dan. "If you can't do better than that, you'd better go to your 'ome sweet 'ome. Get out of it before—O, I say!"

Dan was staring towards the window which looked out on to the array of tethering posts where they had left their ponies. A stranger was just in the act of tethering his pony. He was a young man with a milk and water expression,

clearly a greenhorn. He wore a soft green hat and a large bow tie, and everything about him bespoke the remittance man. "Here's the Earl of Mudborough," announced Dan. "Here's the very man we're looking for. Now you see me have a bit of fun with him, boys!"

Dan put his head through the door. "Come along, sonny," he called, "and have a drink. We're all waiting for you."

"Righto!" came the response in a distinctly English voice. "I can do with a drink. It's a very hot day."

He came in, and stood beside Dan, looking at the pitted, florid face, and the mass of bedraggled moustache which clung to Dan's upper lip like a bunch of seaweed.

"I'll have a gingerbeer, thank you," said the newcomer.

"Don't keep it," replied the barman.

"Have another kick."

"Don't keep ginger beer? O, shucks! Then I'll have to have a beer, though I hate the rotten stuff!"

"And I'll have my usual," stated Dan. He turned and faced the assembly. "And what are you boys going to drink with Lord Muddlepond?"

"Lord Muddlepond!" The newcomer slapped Dan on the shoulder. "O, you are a funny old bean! Lord Muddlepond! And he uttered a long, shrill laugh.

Dan glared at him. "An old bean, am I?" he said. "Who asked you to call me an old bean?"

The newcomer regarded him gleefully. "No one, but I thought you asked me to have a drink. Now it seems I've got to buy drinks for the whole circus. Anyway, go ahead boys. I've got plenty of brass."

Everyone was laughing, and the utter innocence of the youth removed Dan's evil temper. Here were free drinks anyway. Here was the kind of sucker Dan delighted to meet. He would bleed him! Lord how Dan would bleed him!

"And where do you come from?" he asked. "And why in Jupiter are you butting around here?"

The young man became suddenly confidential. "Truth is," he whispered, "I'm looking for my brother. He left England a year ago and we've lost him. They told me away East that he'd gone West, so I've come west to look for him. Like looking for a needle in a haystack, ah—what?"

"What's your brother's name?" queried Dan.

"Truth is I'm keeping that secret," whispered the other. "But I don't mind telling you. I know a man who can be trusted when I see him. You may be rough, but you're a rough diamond—ah what? Have a cigarette?"

"What's your brother's name?" repeated Dan, taking the gold cigarette case.

The young man winked. "Bill Bailey," he whispered. "Ever heard of him?"

Dan thought. "Seem to have heard the name somewhere," he mumbled. Then he faced about. "Has anybody here seen Bill Bailey?" he roared.

No, none of them had seen Bill Bailey. Apparently none of them had ever heard of him.

"Then poor Bill must have gone," said the youth with a sigh. "Anyway, the mater's financing me, and I'm having a ripping time. But—halloa!—where's my cigarette case?"

Bill faced about. "Anybody here seen Earl Duckpond's cigarette case?" he demanded.

Dan faced about. "Anybody here seen Earl Duckpond's cigarette case?" he demanded.

No one had. "What was it like?" queried Dan.

"A gold one, engraved with initials," said the youth, groping frenziedly in his pockets.

"A gold one, covered with thistles!" announced Dan to the assembly.

Still no one had seen it. "Must have dropped it in a spittoon or something," said the earl. "No one would pinch it, I suppose?"

"No one in this camp," said Dan solemnly. "Unless it was that ginger-headed little swipe in the corner. Hey Ginger—you got the Earl's cigarette case?"

Ginger frenziedly shook his head.

"Like poor Bill, it's gone!" said the youth. "Never mind, old Red Herring. By the way to whom am I speaking? What's your name I mean, and who are you? Guess you're the sheriff of this camp—ah—what?"

Dan laughed an unholy laugh. "Ginger" he roared, "tell Lord Horse Trough who I am! Get it off slick now, or I'll juggle with you."

"He's Dan Dingo," stuttered the little man. "The chap what all the fuss was about away east. You know the chap what Evening Star, the famous ranger, followed half across the desert. You know. Dan plugged the ranger in the shoulder, and stole his pony. You know. That's him. That's Dan."

"Dan Dingo!" echoed the young man, mouth wide agape. "Are you the famous outlaw who shot the sheriff of somewhere or other in the something or other, and whom Evening Star followed for months until you fixed him? Well I never!"

"I'm the man," said Dan proudly.

The newcomer regarded Dan with the utmost admiration. "I read about it in the papers. What a red-letter day—meeting you! But I say—what when Evening Star gets out of hospital? You'll have to look out for yourself, won't you? He's never missed his man yet!"

Dan glared. "Me!" he bellowed. "I tell you no swipe of a white livered ranger will ever get me!" he announced. "Get me! There ain't a horseman or a shot in the whole of Texas can get near me!" he laughed boastfully. "So you read about it in the papers, did you, sonny?" he added quizzically.

Yes, of course the Earl had read about it. Hadn't everyone read about the cold-blooded murder of the sheriff and the subsequent wounding of the famous ranger, Evening Star? The world was still waiting for Evening Star to get better, though the doctors said he would never again ride the trails.

"I guess you can shoot some!" said the young man. "You must be a magnificent shot. Have another drink?"

They all had another drink. "Yes," said Dan slowly. "I guess I can shoot. You'd hardly believe it, but I dropped the ranger's arm at three hundred yards with this little gun—He fished out a rusty Smith and Wesson. "Then—by Jericho!—I swiped his cayuse, and left him my knock-kneed old varmint to get back on. I never thought he would get back. I meant him to die of thirst in the desert or I'd have plugged him! I still got his cayuse. It's outside."

"O, I'd like to see it!" exclaimed the stranger. "I guess you're some horseman!"

"Come along then," said Dan. He led the way out. At the threshold he turned and shook his fist at Ginger. "You dare to go 'ome," he snorted, "and I'll juggle with you!"

A beautiful little black cayuse stood by the corner post. She had a coat like silk. "O, what a jewel!" exclaimed the young man. "What a little gem!"

Dan was literally blown out with pride. "Like to try her?" he asked, with a wink at the boys who had followed. "She's as meek as a lamb."

"I don't mind," said the young man. "Just a little canter. So far as her being quiet is concerned—well, I don't want to boast, but the truth is I'm a bit of a horseman myself. Used to do a little amateur steeplechasing in the old country. I've won several cups!"

"Get on" said Dan. He gave him a leg up. Once in the saddle, the newcomer seemed to lose a good deal of confidence. He sat like a jelly, patting the pony's neck and entreating her to be quiet.

Then Dan made a quiet sucking noise between his lips, an instantly the mild eyes of the little black mare turned a fiery red. Her legs stiffened, and she shot straight into the air, coming down as solid as a table. The young man groaned, but ere he could regain his balance the cayuse side-stepped, and, bucking the whole time, covered a distance of forty yards broadside on in about three seconds.

The newcomer shot high into the air, flew literally yards, and came down with mouth wide open in the sand. He rose fuming with indignation, spitting sand,

and on the point of hysteria. "O, I say!" he cried. "That was too bad! You might have told me she was one of that sort—especially after I've bought you all those drinks!"

The boys, headed by Dan, were roaring with laughter. "I thought you said you were a horseman," roared Dan. "I thought you reckoned you could ride!"

"So I can ride!" cried the youth indignantly. "I'll ride any man present for fifty dollars!"

Here was a chance of making money, and half a dozen of them jumped at it. Dan, however, swept them all aside. Here was fifty dollars for the taking!

"I'm on," he said. Choose your own ground. I'll ride you for fifty dollars!"

"Righto!" replied the youth. "We'll ride up to the trail to the creek and back. Ginger must ride to the creek to see we both finish there. Ginger must hold the stakes. It's a matter of ten miles."

So Ginger was fished out, given the stakes, and sent up to the creek margin with ten minute's start. The young man mounted his own pony, evidently little dreaming that Ginger had received instructions that if the newcomer was leading when they hove in sight of the creek he (Ginger) was to make off with the stakes as soon as Earl Duckpond started on the return trip.

"Now fair do's," said the newcomer, as they got ready to start. "You ride up to Ginger and straight back. No bamboozling!"

Dan swore he would act square, and away they went in a cloud of dust. It was easy to see at the outset, however, that Dan's pony had double the speed. It glided away without an effort, and Dan turned and waved boastfully. At the end of three miles he had obtained quite five hundred yards' start. The Earl's pony was blown, and the Earl himself, giving up hope, ceased to urge it. He slackened rein, and reaching little Ginger at the creek margin, Dan also slackened off, and waited.

"It's no good finishing," said the Earl as he drove within earshot. "You've won hands down, Dan."

They both dismounted, and the Earl, taking the stakes from Ginger, handed the wad of bills to Dan, who clutched them eagerly. As he did so there was a metallic click, and Dan stepped back, staring, cursing, as neatly handcuffed as ever a man could be.

"And now," said the newcomer, "I'll trouble you for my cigarette case, after which we'll exchange ponies, and continue our journey eastwards."

A roar broke from Dan's lips. He was like a cornered lion. His red eyes were glazed, his jaw hung, his cheeks dangled in florid pouches.

"And who—who in Jericho are you?" he demanded.

The young man's face seemed to have hardened a little. A steely glint had come into his eyes. "I" said he, "am Evening Star's little brother!"

And Dan heard a snigger of mirth from the lips of Ginger.

ALBERTA

By Zaida M. Swift

The sunlight glints among thy trees
The mountains stand on guard
O'er the wayward, windblown, tangled grass,
Of thy flower flecked, emerald sward.

Thy name means home to the countless throng,
Who westward wended their way.
They have found surcease and rest and peace,
From poverty's galling sway.

They came across the ocean's foam,
To a land so bright and fair
And now in town and country
Their allied efforts share.

So here's a toast press on, press on,
Fair province of the west
From snowy mount to wooded dell,
In fondest memories rest.

Which counts most — color of soap or color of clothes?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head *black* by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes clean*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of all its good materials mixed together. They help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up, thus making it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha is so skillfully combined with splendid soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it mixes readily with the wash-water. Thus it gets through every fibre of the fabric, and soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or without boiling. Fels-Naptha makes a wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean, because it gives clothes a soap-and-water cleansing and a naptha cleansing at the same time.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't had opportunity to prove that Fels-Naptha is a superior soap for the laundry and all household cleaning, send for sample free. Write Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia.



Smell the
real naptha
in Fels-Naptha



Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

A GIRL WHO PLAYED THE GAME

By GRETA G. BIDLAK

Alice was one of those war brides who came to this country in the spring of 1919 after the armistice. She was very proud of her stalwart, upstanding Canadian lover. Bob was a gentlemanly chap, six feet two inches in height and broad in the shoulders and chest. When you take his manly ways, his considerate bearing toward women and his simple bravery into mind as well you will begin to understand something of how he had whisked this pretty little English maid off her feet and gained her parent's consent to their marriage.

Bob, like so many other of our finest boys, came back from the war having to start all over again. He had only a few hundred dollars in the world and because he was born in the West, understood Western methods of farming and could there lay the foundation for an independent, well-to-do future, with his small savings, he filed a homestead in Saskatchewan built a shack and barn, bought a little of the most necessary machinery, a team of horses, and sent for Alice. Bob loved the out-of-doors. He was always intensely interested in his work and he enjoyed the contests with the rugged forces of Nature which challenged him in this untouched land. Alice was out from the heart of London. She had given up plays, parties, friends, parents,—all the dear relationships of life, all the fascinating gaieties of the city,—for a home with Bob in this strange new land where the nearest neighbor lived five miles away. They were both too much in love to know just what this meant.

Bob met her in Saskatoon and they drove for what seemed unending miles through wide flat spaces barren of all but grass and along past little rolling hills which afterwards were to become the monotonous mounds which made her heart ache to look upon them, till they came to their shack with the patch of dark woods far beyond. It was a very ugly shack, rough and unpainted, but Bob had sent her snapshots of it and humbly and lovingly told her what to expect. He was quite willing, he said, (though at the same time he had furnished the shack to be much more comfortable than most such structures) that she should remain in England with her people until he had made an acceptable start or at least got the first and hardest year over. Alice hadn't wanted to do this a bit. It was just like Bob, dear old thing, to want her to be having a good time while he was working as hard as he could away off there alone. Bob was far too good to her. She supposed it would be rough sometimes but it was rather an adventure and Bob was such a dear! Alice packed her things and set out at once.

Things looked very different to her this November afternoon as she sat in the kitchen, the largest of the two contained in their shack. She had never dreamed there could be a loneliness like the awful loneliness of this prairie that depressed one for a week at a time. Nothing to attract the eye; just one wide open space between the earth and the sky. A few hills and the patch of woods to the north varied the weary sky line at one point but she had gotten over being grateful for these. Nothing to do; their meals were simple perforce and mostly easy to prepare. She had fallen into cooking easily; it was the one thing she really liked to do and Bob had always praised her skill, but after all there was a great deal of time left unfilled on her hands. She had never learned to look within herself for amusement, it had always been provided by an absorbing variety of external things and because she had had so little time for it, she fancied that she disliked reading so Bob's few good books lay unnoticed.

She had gradually fallen into the habit of spending her time in brooding and even in finding the leisure to brood at the expense of her duties. Today she was crouched beside the cheap iron stove thinking of home. How cosy it was there and how cold it was here already. It had never been so raw in England, no, not even in winter, and the wind,—somehow she never remembered hearing the wind much in London. In Canada here it swept over the flat expanse smelling of snow, holding a hint of imminent menace and leaving a chill of foreboding and fear creeping through her bones. What a

miserable place! Bob's first crop, too, while it had not been a failure, was not the success they had hoped for so they could not have even the few scant comforts that would have given them a feeling of luxuriousness through the coldest months. What a contrast to the warm, lighted houses she had known at home, the servants going softly to and fro, the effortless ease which had attended all her days in England, merry England!

"I'm going back," she said. "We're worse off here than when we started. I shall die or go insane if I have to stay dropped down here on this awful prairie. I hate it! I hate it!"

She crossed the room with a decided step, opened the drawer of the home-built cupboard, pulled out a beaded silk handbag from behind a careless array of knives, forks, spoons and small kitchen utensils, opening it eagerly. She drew forth a roll of bills and fingered them caressingly.

"For my passage home. I'm so glad that no matter what was needed I always kept them. Enough to take me—home!"

She sat down to make her plans. Farewell to the prairie! She would walk the five miles of it that would take her to Mrs. Jones' tomorrow. She thought she could carry a small handbag that far. She would leave her trunk packed and go on to Saskatoon. Mrs. Jones would drive her to the little siding ten miles beyond the Jones ranch and flag the train for her. Once in Saskatoon she would write Bob a letter of explanation, he would send her trunk to her there. She just couldn't tell Bob. Hard working silent old Bob how, would he take it. She set her lips firmly.

"I don't care, it's just as he said, I should have waited till things were easier. Perhaps it won't be so dreadful after a few years and I have seen London again."

Twilight had fallen across a stormy, clouded sky. The incessant monotone of the wind rose to a bolder note. She got

up quickly, set the dishes on the table and busied herself getting supper at the stove.

Bob came in tired after a long day in the fields and kissed her but they ate for the most part silently. She cleared away the dishes and washed them. Bob went outside to cut wood for the rapacious, fiery little stove. He came in filled it up and they both sat before it in a long, heavy silence. There was something in the air for all that, Alice had been feeling it all day. She thought it was caused by her being unconsciously led to make this new decision until Bob spoke.

"Alice, dear," he said, "I have something to say to you. I want you to go back to England when the winter sailings begin. This country is too hard for you. It breaks my heart to see what the prairie is doing to you. You're not the same happy girl at all. I've enough money left to take you back to England safely and a little over. I'll go to work in the city this winter and I can send you more. I'll give up the homestead and try to find other work rather than have you looking like this. I can't quite see my way now but it will all come clear later. This is the right thing to do now, I feel sure of that."

There was another heavy silence. Alice strangled back her heart that leapt into her throat. She mustn't let Bob see how glad she was. After a few minutes she said.

"You know I love you, Bob, and I shall miss you awfully, but this is all so heart-breaking. It fills me with despondent gloom. I can't endure the life here. Could I start tomorrow?"

If Bob's face went white and he caught his breath sharply she was only half conscious of it.

"All right, Alice, I leave it to you. Just as you think best," he said with forced cheerfulness and went off, somewhat wearily, to bed.

MY MANSION

There's a dear little home in an Orchard,
It's only a shack;
But it's grander to me than a palace,
And I long to go back
To my home in the South O'Ranigan,
That neat little shack.

Off' times, when the hurry and bustle
of business is o'er,
I think of the home of my childhood,
and long more and more
For the shack, and the lake, and the hill-
side,
With its slope to the shore.

I picture the Orchard in spring-time,
The choicest of trees
All clad in a beautiful mantle
of blossoms and leaves;
And I fancy I hear in the distance
The buzz of the bees.

I think of the days in the Summer,
And I'll worry until
I can climb once again the big cherry,
And have a good fill,
For there's plenty for all in the Orchard
On the side of the hill.

I think of the boating and swimming;
The lake was so clear,
And the picnics at night on the beach, too;
With fires burning near.
We were free and gave vent to our feelings;
With nothing to fear.

I think of the days when we started,
With pack-horse and kit,
To camp away back on the hills there,
All eager and fit
To hunt for the deer on the hill-sides,
Till each scored a hit.

Sometimes when the day's work is over,
I live once again
Those days full of pleasure and sun-shine;
And I'll try, might and main,
To get back to my home in the Orchard,
My palace of fame.

THE DREAM SPINNERS

Oh! who shall see the Spinners?
The silent whiterobed Spinners?
The tender cruel Spinners,
As they spin the Thread of Dreams?

Can you hear the Wheel a'whir-
ring?
And the menace of its purring?
And the colour of a rainbow as it
gleams?

Can you see the shining mesh
That is spun for human flesh?
Can you hear them?
Do you fear them?

Will you dare to wander near them?
The silent white robed Spinners
As they spin the Web of Dreams—

The conqueror from the battle by their
gleam is led away.

Where the fragile threads enfold him—
there his armour rusts away—

The boy who goes a'ploughing, at the
dusky hour of eve

Sees a Vision grey and golden—and his
furrow he must leave—

And the maiden in the village who has
knelt beside the lake,

And has seen a Dream face pictured—goes
unwedded for his sake—

Oh! if your eyes shall see them,
You had better turn and flee them,
No power born of earth shall hold
you then

Or you'll let the world go by,
Seeking Beauty till you die!

If you hear them
Oh beware them!

And never venture near them!
The silent whiterobed Spinners
Who can snare the hearts of men—

There are Threads of Red and Golden!
They are Threads of Grey and Green!

There are Threads of White and Silver!
And they merge in dazzling sheen!

There's a Web of wondrous weaving that
is Rose and Amethyst,

And a Purple strand of Mystery that fades
into the mist—

And oh! there's Love and Longing! There's
a heart to laugh and grieve,

There's Wonder—and there's Pity—where
the whiterobed Spinners weave—

Oh! who shall find the Spinners?
The silent whiterobed Spinners?
The tender cruel Spinners

As they spin the Thread of Dreams

Alice sat before the fire for some time after that. To be free! To go to England, mother, home, daddy, the girls! "Yes," said her conscience clearly, "to go back whining that Canada is a cold hard country and you can't live in it!" How would they receive her? Was that playing the game? Poor Bob he was worried about her. No wonder she felt as she did, what had she done these last few weeks? "Certainly I've done very little to make the best of things," she said to herself as she looked around the room. She had planned to have sheer, white muslin curtains at the windows; the stuff lay in her trunk still in its original package. When had she cleaned the pretty shiny silver wedding gifts last or when had she used any of them on the table? When had she tried to cook a new dish or to paint the few sticks of home-made furniture which they had? Was the shack so clean, so neat, so tidy, so spick and span, that she wouldn't be ashamed to have Mrs. Briggs, their thoroughly efficient housekeeper at home, look into it? It was not. She had spent her time in discontented brooding. She had remained indoors nursing her troubles day after day. Bob had offered to teach her to ride and to ride with her now that the busiest season with the horses was over but she shrunk timidly from that and from so many other new experiences. They were at the cross roads—to go on happily or to separate—which? They were very likely to drift forever apart if she went now. Their marriage might be a wreck. She had seen it happen often enough; when the people hadn't meant that it should either. She thought again of her reception in England; to go back a self-acknowledged failure; and a slang phrase she had heard a chum of Bob's use came into her head.

"I'm afraid I'm a poor sport," she said.

The next morning Bob's shoulders drooped and his face was drawn and pitiful for all that he tried to look cheerful so as not to sadden Alice's leave taking. Pained to the heart he noticed how happy she seemed this last morning. Well, it was hard on a fellow having her step out of his life like this but it was the best thing. He set his face not to betray him and finished his breakfast. The meal over, he rose.

"Alice, if you pack up now I can take you over to Larrabee this afternoon and put you on the night train. I suppose it won't take you long."

Alice was standing at the opposite end of the table. She put down the dish she had in her hand, came softly over to him, put her hands on his shoulders, looked into his eyes and said.

"Bob, dear, I'm not going."

"Not going? Why, I thought it was all settled and you wanted to go."

"It was and I did but it was all settled wrong, Bob, and I don't want to go now."

He had taken her very tenderly and unbelievably in his arms.

"You just feel that way now, dearest," he said; "You'll feel differently when you get started."

"I'm not going, Bob," shaking her head with sober determination, "my place is here with you. I should be doing my share. You know we English like to play the game. I haven't been doing it. I have been wasting my time living among my thoughts back in England while you needed me right here. I can't say I love the prairie, Bob. I don't, but they tell me one learns to and at least I can try. I do love you though and I'm going to stop thinking about myself and posing as a martyr before my world and make things easier for you during these years while we're struggling up. I know you have it in you to make good, as they say here. I don't doubt that we'll be in very different circumstances a few years from now but if we're not you'll still have the happiest, best kept home on the prairies. I'm going to tidy up these rooms now," she flung out one arm in a sweeping gesture, "then I'm going to sew curtains and there are canned peaches in the cupboard, suppose I make a peach pie for dinner?"

"Oh, honey, you make me so happy," said Bob, holding her close, his voice tender with love and content, "you don't know how I felt last night when I thought you were going to leave me sure."

What will you wager that they're not among the happiest couples in Canada today?



They Save Teeth Now

in a new way—nearly all the world over

This method of teeth cleaning is now used by millions. It is founded on modern research and approved by modern authorities.

Nearly all the world over leading dentists advise it. Careful people of most races are learning to employ it.

You are bound to adopt it when you know what it means. A ten-day test will tell you. This is to offer that test without charge, and to urge that you accept it.

Ruined by film

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to film. You can feel the film—a viscous coat. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Thus millions of teeth lose their luster.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Night and day film-coated teeth are subject to these attacks.

Film is a breeding place for germs. Many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

It can be ended

Dental science has now found two ways to fight that film. Authorities have proved them effective. Leading dentists everywhere have watched the results and are urging their daily use.

A modern dentifrice has been created, and these two methods are embodied in it. The tooth paste

Made in Canada

Canada
Pepsodent
REG IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste which fights film, starch and acids. It accords with all modern requirements, and is now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

Supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

is called Pepsodent. Everywhere you look you see the results of it—in teeth that shine.

See on your own teeth what a change it brings—in a week.

Other discoveries

Dental research has also revealed some other important facts.

It finds that starch deposits, clinging to the teeth, often ferment and form acids. And those acids, unless neutralized, attack the enamel.

It finds that Nature provides forces to fight both starch and acids. But the average modern diet fails to stimulate those forces.

Pepsodent supplies that lack. It multiplies the

salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva — Nature's acid neutralizer.

Thus twice a day it brings effects which science proves essential. And regardless of your diet

A new dental era

Now careful people in brushing teeth aim at more than food debris. They combat the film wherever it abides. They fight the starch and acids. They multiply the natural teeth-protecting forces in the mouth.

They gain whiter teeth in this way, cleaner, safer teeth. To millions this promises a new dental era, as they already see and feel.

They bring new beauty to the teeth. Cloudy coats are removed. You see these glistening teeth in every circle now.

Start the children

This new method is most important to the children. It may save them troubles which few otherwise escape. Dentists say it should be used from the time the first tooth appears.

Women who seek beautiful teeth will delight in it

Men who smoke will see some quick, conspicuous effects. For tobacco stains the film-coats when you leave them.

Let one in your family learn the effects and show them to the rest.

Twice Every Day You need these four effects

Film must be removed.

Starch deposits must be digested, else they may ferment.

Acids must be neutralized before they cause decay.

Teeth must be polished so they shine.

Pepsodent does all these things with every application. It does them in a natural and effective way.

A week will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. A week will convince you beyond dispute that this is the right way to brush teeth.

10-Day Tube Free

744
Can.

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 603, 118 Sherbourne St., Toronto, Ont.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

Real Rest Depends Largely Upon the Depth of Your Sleep

A warning to "light" or "poor" sleepers

The deeper and sounder you sleep the better you feel. Five hours sound refreshing sleep does you more actual good than ten hours restless, disturbed sleep.

This is because the final conversion of food into vital tissue and nerve cells goes on more rapidly when the physical and mental forces are at rest.

You can't get sound, refreshing sleep if your nerves are agitated with tea or coffee. Both these drinks contain caffeine, which is sometimes very irritating to the brain and nervous system.

If you want to know the joy, vigor and stamina that comes to the person who gets sound, healthful sleep, why not stop taking tea or coffee for a while, and drink delicious, invigorating Postum instead.

Thousands of people everywhere have found that this was the only thing they needed in order to bring about these very happy results.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Drink this delightful cereal beverage of satisfying flavor, for a week. Perhaps, like thousands of others, you'll never be willing to go back to tea or coffee.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"

Where There's a Will There's a Way By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"We have always been taught to despise money," said Heather Watson, a girl of about twenty, to her sister, two years her junior. I wonder why we were educated in a Convent," she went on dismally. "It's all very well for those holy nuns to live like lilies of the field. I suppose, except the treasurer and the Superior, they never even handled a coin. But they had all their meals, and good ones too, at that! They had board and lodging free. No wonder they did not understand how to fit us for our station in life."

She leant back despondently in the cheap arm-chair of the little sitting-room they had rented. Beyond it was a small bedroom. Heather Watson was really a beautiful girl, with her wealth of brown, wavy hair and her blue, blue eyes. She was tall too—"a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," and it seemed as if the whole world must bow to do her bidding, instead of leaving her to fight for bare subsistence.

Her sister, Ivy, was very like her, only she was much smaller in every way and her eyes were hazel where her sister's were blue. Her hair, which was dark and wavy like her sister's, was not long. It was short and thick and it was with difficulty she could keep it from tumbling all over her shoulders.

Now, as she sat on a low stool by the fire, she seemed even smaller than her height which was five feet two inches. Her dainty little hands had never done a day's work and, had it not been for a great pecuniary loss, would never have had to do any. Their parents had left them well off; but the unscrupulous lawyer who had charge of their affairs had misdirected them in such a way that a few weeks before the opening of this story the sisters had taken a cheap lodging and resolved to do things for themselves, rather than starve, or take help from relations. They had no experience and could scarcely make ends meet.

"Well," returned Ivy. "It's no good blaming the poor nuns, I suppose. They probably didn't know any better, and most of the pupils were as rich as ourselves, before we lost our money. But I do feel awfully stupid and of no use in the world."

"That's just it," replied the elder sister. "We are of no use. We were parasites—that's what we were. And now, we've absolutely got to do something. I'm the eldest. I ought to start first. Why, do you know that once, just before mother died, I promised to look after you all your life. A fine way I've done it, to be sure, letting Mr. Temple lose all our money for us."

"Well, never mind that, sis," replied Ivy. "Let's make up for everything now. Let's think of something original, something out of the common to do. We have good health and youth on our side and plenty of good looks too, I think, though, as our landlady says: 'I says it as should't.'"

Both girls laughed. "Now, shall we add up our assets," pursued Ivy. "Elder sister, tall and beautiful—don't contradict me. Knows French, Latin and English. Embroiders very well. No other talent, have you, Heather?"

"I'm afraid not," answered the other. "Those things won't take us far."

"Then, there's myself: Young girl, rather good looking. Speaks fluent French and English. Paints a little, plays the piano fairly well, and knows no more about life than the man in the moon. Now, what do you suppose two such useful people could be good for?"

"We'd make excellent Nursery Governesses, all right," ventured the elder sister. "In fact, that's just about what we're cut out for."

"That's not seeing life in its broadest sense, as I imagine it," went on Ivy. "We'd lose our looks, save nothing, and end as prosy Old Maids."

"That's how we will end, I'm afraid," said Heather. "Unless my imaginative sister finds a way out of it for us."

"Why not open a business of our own?" suggested Ivy.

"It's so unladylike," answered Heather. "It's not done in our class."

"But that's just the fun of the whole thing. We can't afford to be too ladylike now.

We don't want to be governesses. It's a case of: 'To dig I am not able, to beg I am ashamed.' O Heather, we must get rich and we must get rich quickly. Don't you see we must? We've all our lives before us. We've the makings of perfect womanhood. We ought to be splendid wives and mothers."

"You've been reading French novels, I see," said the elder sister, reproachfully. "That won't get us anywhere! Do you expect us to walk out into the streets and ask the first two men we meet, to marry us?"

"O no, dear prosaic sister of mine! That's not the idea at all. I mean to run a business of my own, or rather, we shall both run the business, and we'll prove ourselves capable of working without the assistance of that superior being—Man! We'll be happy: we'll earn tons of money, and we'll keep ourselves physically fit and then....." She threw out her little hands in an expressive French way. "When the right Fairy Princes come along, we'll be more fitted for them than if we had been shabby governesses. Your children and mine should be more perfect than the Gracchi."

Heather blushed. "I can't think how you've got these ideas," she said. "They didn't talk like that at the convent."

Ivy laughed. "I should say not," she answered. "But I've been in 'the wicked world' two whole years, and you've been four. We can't keep our convent ignorance for ever."

"Innocence, you mean," corrected her sister.

"You can call it what you like," resumed the younger girl. "It amounts to the same thing. We've got to forget all the nonsense we learnt at the convent. We must imagine we're launched alone on a stormy sea and we have to find a port."

"That's true in a way," assented her sister. "No one will help us. We've got to drift or sink alone."

"We'll always have each other, sister mine," returned Ivy, affectionately.

At that moment, an untidy landlady knocked at the door and poking her head half inside, announced:—"A gent to see Miss Ivy."

The girls laughed, and Heather said brusquely:—"I'll go to the bedroom, to write some letters. He's probably one of those Fairy Princes!"

"No, he's not," answered Ivy. "You can stay, if you like. O you're really going? Well, we'll take up the great Idea some other time. I mean it: it's only postponed." She talked to the air. Her sister had already beaten a hasty retreat.

The man who came in now was young, fair-haired, tall and good-looking. He might have made one of the Fairy Princes, all right!

"Where's your sister?" he asked abruptly.

"Writing letters," answered Ivy, trying to be most sedate. "Sit down; won't you? It's cold outside."

"I didn't notice it," said Roy Norton. "I just called to tell you, I've got an excellent job, and—"

"I wish I had one too," interrupted Ivy. "Don't talk nonsense," said the young man.

"You're rather rude," said the girl. "But I'll have to forgive you, as you don't understand our position. We've lost all our money—don't ask me how—but the fact remains. Neither Heather nor I have lost our appetites," she added, "so it's up to us, as they say in America, and we've got to find a way to earn a living."

"You!" ejaculated Roy. "It's preposterous."

"It's true, nevertheless," said Ivy. "I won't allow it," put in Roy. "As I was just going to tell you, when you sprung this thing on me, I've got a good job now, and we can afford to marry."

"And leave Heather all out in the cold?" asked Ivy. "No, I'll not do that."

"Heather can live with us," suggested Roy.

"It's very good of you," said Ivy. "But—"

"Look here," cried Roy. "Either you love me, or you don't."

"Of course, I love you," said the girl. "That was settled long ago."

"Then why can't we get married?"



WHOLESOME SWEETS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

THE chocolate used in Moir's is one of the most nourishing of foods, and with the addition of pure sugar, good butter, and rich ripe fruits and nuts it forms a food combination that is hard to beat.

And Moir's have the additional advantage of pleasing everybody's taste, from the oldest to the youngest.

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX

MOIR'S Chocolates

"Because I'm not going to tie myself down for life and leave Heather alone."

"I've already told you she can live with us," repeated Roy, a trifle crossly.

"It won't answer," persisted Ivy. "It never does. No, Roy; you must give me a little more time. Now, don't do that. You're untidying my hair, and one of the chief assets of a business girl is order. I read it in an American paper."

"But here in England, you don't want to adopt American ways; do you?"

"I think they're so sensible when a girl has her own way to make," added Ivy.

"When are you going to marry me, I'd like to know?" asked the young man.

"O someday, I suppose," answered Ivy. "But of course, if you meet a girl you like better, you're at liberty to have her."

"You don't talk as though you cared for me at all," said Roy.

"I don't want to talk that way to-day," replied Ivy. "I am busy thinking how to earn a living. Can't you give a few suggestions?"

"There's always teaching for an educated girl," put in Roy postponing his love affairs to a more appropriate season.

"We neither of us want to teach," said Ivy. "It's a slave's life, at best. We want to go in for some kind of business, something where we can be together."

"You'd better pretend I'm an agency then, and answer a few questions," said Roy.

"Go ahead," laughed Ivy.

"Can you cook?" asked Roy, seriously.

Ivy shook her head.

"Can you sew?" went on Roy.

"I've never even mended a stocking," replied the girl.

"Can you type or do shorthand?" questioned the young man.

Again Ivy shook her head.

"Well, pardon me," said Roy, like a wise judge. "But what can you do?"

If you can't do any of these things, don't you see your only loophole is in marrying me."

"Now you're horrid," cried Ivy. "Just when we were getting on so well. Still, you've given me an idea. I won't tell you what it is; but you can come and see me again next month and find out how it worked."

"Next month!" almost shouted Roy.

"I'll come to-morrow."

"I won't be here," said Ivy. "I'm going to be a business woman."

"It's a horrid expression," added Roy.

"I expect to have a delightful time," said Ivy, mischievously. "You must go now, for I have to consult with my senior partner at once."

She accompanied him to the door and as he was leaving, she said: "I don't think business women work on Sundays; do you?"

"No they don't. I'll be here on Sunday, and I'll take you both out to lunch. Good-bye."

He walked off, feeling a great deal happier than he had felt, five minutes earlier!

The next three months proved strenuous ones to the two girls. Much as they hated it, they found themselves compelled to teach in the mornings. It put a little money in their pockets and it gave them a good dinner, for both girls remained until after that meal. They might have taught all day, had they so desired. The parents of the children whom they taught, would have liked to have their services seven hours instead of three. This, however, was not Ivy's idea. Although she was the younger of the two, it was she who planned and took possession of what she called "the business end of their lives."

Heather, with the aid of a Cook Book, was becoming a proficient housekeeper and she had control of the money they made. Every afternoon the girls spent in a Typewriting office, learning typewriting and shorthand. They practised the latter late into the evening, after supper, and by so doing, were proficient in both in three months. The other pupils of the school said it took six months to master shorthand; but Ivy was not going to waste six months of her precious youth when a thing could be done in three. Now it was time to take the plunge, and the two girls hired a room, not far from Westbourne Grove, where they opened a general copying office. Perhaps they parted with some of their jewelry to furnish it!

It was their first afternoon at their new business. All the morning, Ivy had been here; but Heather wisely kept her teaching in the mornings, saying she would remain at the office all day when enough work came in for them both.

The office was spick and span. It boasted two tables, two typewriters, a copying machine, a cupboard and several

chairs. The chairs were for their numerous clients; but so far, no one had sat in them!

"I wonder what people do when no work comes in," remarked Heather.

"O anything," answered Ivy. "I'm going to read a shorthand book. It doesn't really matter what we do, as long as we look busy when we hear a knock."

Heather laughed. "I wonder when that will be," she said.

"Soon, I hope," answered Ivy.

"Rent has to be paid all the time," observed Heather.

"Listen," cried Ivy. "There's someone coming up the stairs." She hid her book in the drawer, and inserting a piece of paper into her typewriter, began pounding the keys at once. Both girls appeared wholly engrossed when an elderly man entered.

He asked their terms, and Ivy handed him a neat, printed paper. She had thought of all this. She had visited several Typewriting offices and tried to take the best ideas from each, so as to make their office the very best for miles around. She had a good head for business and her prettiness did not make her frivolous, when a serious matter was in hand.

Heather took the man's order. When he left the office, the two girls were kept busy on his MSS. the rest of the day, and they did their work so creditably that he brought them more. Years before, a woman had tried to open a typewriting office in this very place and had failed. The new office supplied a long felt want.

"I wonder why the other woman failed here," said Ivy to Heather, one day, as she looked up from a pile of MSS she was sorting.

"She had no capital, I think," said Heather.

"Nor had we," said Ivy. "Only it was a help, your hanging on to your teaching, at the beginning."

"I couldn't have given up my mornings until there was enough work for me," added Heather.

For several months the girls worked on. They undertook everything there was to do, in the way of general copying, giving such satisfaction that their business enabled them to hire two stenographers to help them.

Heather now left the office completely. She gave her time up to the care of the flat they had taken in Richmond Road.

One day, at lunch time, Roy asked Ivy to come out with him.

"I have an able assistant now," she assured him. "So I can give you a couple of hours."

They dined at Whiteley's, then took a taxi to the park. Here they got out, preferring to stroll along.

"You see," said Ivy suddenly. "I have made good. I've tried to be proficient, like the American women I am always reading about. My office is a great success and I'm a real business woman."

"And Heather?" asked Roy. He noticed that he had not seen her when he called lately.

"She's retired. She's the domesticated one in the family. She runs the house-keeping and takes care of our flat. I'm afraid, however."

"What is it?" asked Roy. "Doesn't she please you?"

"Indeed she does," assured Ivy. "But I am not the only one she pleases. I may as well tell you now, as later. Heather is going to be married next month."

"Why not make it a double wedding?" put in Roy tentatively.

"I'm just at the beginning of my career as a business woman," answered Ivy; but she blushed all the same. "You wouldn't ask me to abandon it; would you?"

"You told me to-day, you had an able assistant," reminded Roy. "I prefer to support my own wife. Still, as you seem to be as much in love with your work as with your future husband, I'd be glad to compromise rather than wait for ever. I suppose I'd be more jealous if it were a man."

"How stupid you are," laughed Ivy. "There never has been another man, and you know that very well. It's quite possible to be a married business woman. It's done hundreds of times in the States."

"Then we'll have a double wedding, as I suggested at first. And, you and I at least, shall spend our honeymoon in New York."

Ivy must have consented; for she was looking radiantly happy, and lovely when she returned to the office, just before closing time!

BLUE RIBBON TEA

In comparing BLUE RIBBON with other packet teas, do not compare it with tea offered at the same price.

BLUE RIBBON claims to be the best in Canada regardless of price, and a teapot test will make good this claim.

79

Strike A Light!

Every one of Eddy's Safety Matches does strike a light. There are no headless sticks or broken pieces in a box of Eddy's Safety Matches.

Nor is there any danger of the heads flying off or fizzling out before the wood ignites. Eddy's Safety Matches light when you strike them on the box and every box is a good box—all matches, safe matches. There is no dangerous after glow.

Say Eddy's and Get The Best Matches Money Can Buy

THE E. B. EDDY CO.,
Limited
HULL CANADA

Made in
Canada for
Canadians



B-53

Your College Course

Let us aid you by our modern systems and methods toward a high-class position in the business realm. Write today for complete particulars.

Western Canada's Pioneer Business Schools

Winnipeg Business College
Portage Business College
Dauphin Business College
Regina Federal College

The New Princess

Good cheer and entertainment for the long winter evenings.

Finest phonograph money can buy. Plays all records perfectly. Diamond stylus and sapphire ball furnished free. Exquisite tone. Special 30-day offer—direct from factory at half price to introduce. Ten selections free. Write today for full particulars.

10 SELECTIONS FREE



Princess Phonograph Co.
151 Bell Ave.
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, CANADA

DEAFNESS

Send a post card for a new pamphlet filled with valuable facts that every deaf person should know. It explains about our New Invention—the Mears de Luxe Ear Phone and tells about our great 10 Day Free Trial Offer. Not a penny unless your hearing is improved. Write to-day. The Mears Company of Canada, 327 Mappin Bldg., Montreal

TREASURE LANDS.

By N. Tournour.

There are at least three great areas of country where numerous quantities of gold and silver plate, minted coin, and family jewels and other costly heirlooms lie buried in the soil. That they are there is not only historical fact but is further proved by the number of finds that have taken place and take place today. The farmer or other individual comes across such a cache when ploughing or draining his ground, or after a deliberate and much arduous and prolonged search along the lines hearsay or tradition has afforded him. Again and again has this come about.

In each of those great areas it has been war which brought about the sudden abandoning of family fortunes, and burying them for security in the ground. In very few instances is the treasure recovered again by the rightful owners because of their failure to locate the proper places. There is no easier way of losing valuables than by burying them, especially in a time of hostilities or insurrection. That is why one of the Bolshevik journals in Moscow not so long ago was lamenting that a large proportion of personal valuables and family treasures belonging to Russian aristocracy have been lost to the Soviet Power, and one can add, most probably for ever to their rightful owners.

In one of the three treasure areas, a number of municipal cash-boxes also await discovery. During the American War of Secession there was much looting by the Federals and Confederates alike. When General Sherman effected his famous march to the sea, plantation owners and many of the towns north and south of, and along the line of his most devastating operations buried money and valuable assets for fear of confiscation by the Federals. The havoc done by the military, and the fires ensuing—the disappearance of landmarks taken to indicate the place of the cache, the damage effected by heavy weather, or the death of those concerned combined against re-location of the treasures—more than one lucky farmer has unearthed boxfuls of eagle and half-eagle pieces.

The second great area was stocked much in the same way. Ninety years previous when Washington in the War of Independence, turned the hostilities in favour of the Americans, the rich Royalists from New Jersey to Maine were taken by surprise, as were the wealthy Tories elsewhere. Many of them, finding it was too late to get their family treasures and cash-box safely away, confided them to the soil, and fled—like many a Russian nobleman in 1917. It is the case that in the majority of instances they were not recovered. But in Connecticut are several families who owe their sudden rise in the world to finds of Royalist family possessions. A leading instance was the recovery of Lord Edmeston's china not many years ago. A farmer's plough uncovered the wooden case containing it. Because of its rare quality and design it brought him a fortune, and also a law suit that is famous in U. S. legal annals. The rest of the Edmeston cache—family papers show it to be of great value—is still scattered close around on the erstwhile estate near West Edmeston, N. Y.

The third great area of scattered caches in North America was also the result of hostilities. In the war of Independence and to a large extent in the 1812-1814 hostilities between Britain and the United States, Royalists many in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, escaped into the Province of Quebec. The 1812-1814 hostilities caused many on both sides to seek refuge either in the States or Canada, according to their nationality. In many instances, they when pursued by colonials or the Redskins, or confronted with great difficulties in crossing the St. Lawrence, buried their family plate, etc., on the bank of the river. Some time ago a landowner came on a cache unearthed by the spring freshets, with the Delaval crest on the silver.

For generations tradition had it such like treasure was concealed on Carleton Island in the St. Lawrence. A short number of years ago, a stranger borrowed a boat, and rowed over to the island. When he returned the next day to St. Vincent, it was noted he had with him a short heavy chest stained with clay.

With it, he boarded the regular steam-boat just then calling at the landing-stage, and went from ken. A few days later, a workman of the owner of the island, when looking for strayed horses there, found by the shore a spade and the hole in which the treasure had rested.

Where, too, the Chippewa flows into the St. Lawrence lie two casks containing the fortune of an American, escaping from Kingston, Ontario. On reaching the American side, he and his mates were attacked by Indians, who overwhelmed the little band, and sank the boat containing the gold and silver coins. The only refugee left alive contrived to reach the nearest blockhouse, where he died before imparting the exact location.

There is in the old World an extensive stretch of treasure lands, where many a man has found cached wealth. In Java, Timor, Celebes, Flores, Sumatra, Sombawa and other islands of the Java Sea and Eastern Passages, vast hoards of jewels and gold and silver lie hidden in the soil, and in caves in the mountains. As one Dutch treasure seeker has said—one is never sure when he is not walking over the site of enormous wealth, especially if the ruins of a temple or shrine are not far away.

Twelve centuries or so ago these islands were densely peopled by an Aryan race of Buddhist belief from India. They had been pushed out by invaders conquering from Central and Western Asia. On these islands they formed a great and prosperous empire for several centuries, till insurrection and insular wars broke it up. Then came Moslem invaders. As Sanskrit records and early Chinese travellers testify, the priests in each locality, and the notables, and reigning families, stripped the temples and shrines of their immense wealth, and hid their belongings in the earth and in caves.

On these narrow long East Indian islands the mountain ranges run in ridges along the centre, and are densely covered with forests and luxuriant vegetation. There stand the ruins of long forgotten towns and temples, and there your foot at any moment may be treading on the site of a great wealth of rare gold and silver work, beautiful jewels, and other costly valuables. Only in three localities have the Buddhist priests been able to remain continuously, and so pass the secret on from generation to generation.—everywhere else the caches have been lost to ken for centuries. In 1911, a Dutchman and his small party chanced to hit upon a site. They thought, they were not observed. That same night they were attacked, and all but two men were killed, including those who could identify the spot. The local authorities for some time continued to search for the cave, till in the end the effort was given up. Some three years ago the Government again endeavoured to locate the cache but without success.

Another area of treasure-laden soil, and one but little known among treasure hunters is the Island of Tortuga, north of San Domingo. For generations it was the Caribbean headquarters of Dutch, English, French and other adventurers, who from the dried beef they made—'boucan'—took the name of boucaneers or bucaniers. Under the captaincy of a Dutchman, 'Peter the Great', and a Frenchman, 'Bartholomew the Exterminator', and Henry Morgan, Captain Willis, etc., they again and again were extremely successful in the marauding or filibustering on the Spanish Main and elsewhere.

Morgan their greatest leader was knighted by Charles First of England because the great bucanier preferred Spanish treasure ships and Spanish maritime bases to less wealthy English possessions, and, indeed, he was for some time the governor of Jamaica.

To the Island of Tortuga he and the previous leaders of these bold bad men brought a very great amount of treasure. This island runs east and west nearly twenty-two miles, and is of a moderate height. The only good anchorage fit for ships of 14 to 16 feet draught is that of Tierra Bajd road within the reef about five miles from the east point, here the bucaniers had their base, and from it they spread over the island. Somewhere in the locality of La Valle, at the west end of the island, 'Bartholomew' is said to have buried the immense Santa Maria treasure. But all over Tortuga extraordinarily rich treasure troves remain buried.



Complexion Secrets

What Scientists Know About Your Skin

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but internal cleanliness can produce it? A clean system is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon cleanliness—internal cleanliness. Truly, the fastidious woman keeps clean inside. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to the great covering of the body, the skin. They poison the skin cells, causing facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness. These poisons are the most common cause of personal unattractiveness.

Result of Research



Experts have conducted exhaustive research to find some method of eliminating these poisons in a harmless and natural way and thus keep the system clean.

The result of their experience in treating thousands of cases has been the discovery that Nujol has the unique property of dissolving readily many intestinal poisons. These it carries out of the body along with the food residue as Nature intended.

It thus promotes internal cleanliness by preventing the insidious poisoning of the skin cells, the most common cause of skin troubles.

This is why so many women have found Nujol to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant, youthful complexion.

Nujol is for sale by druggists everywhere.

MISTOL, a new product, for Colds in head, Nasal Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and acute paroxysms of Asthma. Made by the makers of Nujol.

Nujol

TRADE MARK

How and why the elimination of intestinal toxins will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN". Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol, Room 877E 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal, P. Q.
Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."

Name _____

Address _____

MODERN JAPAN.

In Japan the movement for raising the status of women, and for effecting their general emancipation, is slowly gaining ground, notably among educational workers and publicists. But in expressing wonder at the slow rate of progress, it is not generally known how the Japanese woman's heritage of filial obedience unfits her for readily putting newly evolved ideas into practice. The crux of the whole question lies in the family system, and in Japan, the family alone is of any importance, individuals being of no personal account. It is on the family system that all social and domestic customs and practices are based.

Marriages are nearly always conventional, arranged by mutual friends of the parents. The proposed bride and bridegroom are seldom acquainted, and usually only meet once before the wedding, when they are formally introduced to each other by the "nakado" or go-between, of whom there are always two, respectively male and female. After this, for form's sake, consent of the contracting parties is asked; when it is given, presents of betrothal pass between the two families. It is seldom that any objections are raised, for the young couple have been brought up in perfect obedience to their parents, and understand that it is their duty to marry, not for love, or in response to their own inclinations, but for the benefit of the family.

Love is not looked upon, as in Christian countries, as something honourable and ennobling, but rather is it considered as more or less a debasing passion; and love matches, which of course occur sometimes, are scarcely considered respectable or expected to last. There are no endearing expressions in the Japanese language. Husband and wife never speak of loving each other; nor, indeed, is it considered desirable that they should do so. Support and protection, not love of fidelity, is expected from the husband; obedience and respect are the duties of the wife, who always addresses her husband with reverence, often bowing low before him. This system obtains over 75 per cent. of the population, including the best-ordered families of the nation, the remaining 25 per cent. being found in the advance guard who desire to emulate the customs of European races, but who, unfortunately, generally show less discrimination than thoroughness.

The Japanese wife, however, is not generally the blind slave of her husband that she is often imagined to be. She is mistress of her household, and arranges it as she thinks best, without any interference from her lord and master, and usually where there is no mother-in-law in the house she makes herself very happy, particularly if there are children. She has been taught from childhood that all men are inconstant, and that she must never be jealous, however unfaithful her husband may be. Younger sons generally leave the family home and form branch families of their own; they are even sometimes allowed to arrange their own marriage affairs, but the eldest son and heir cannot leave the paternal home. He and his wife are perforce obliged to live with his parents, and it is in such cases that the wife's life is frequently made unhappy and miserable by the interference of her mother-in-law to whom she owes obedience even greater than to her own mother. For the Japanese woman, therefore, to show any independence of judgment is to court family ostracism, and often grave displeasure, as she is deemed in such an event to be unfilial and lacking in womanly attributes. Moreover, even though the husband be up to date and enlightened, and inclined to let his wife have her own way, he is the slave of his family, unless he is the head himself, and cannot always act as he would prefer.

It is from this conservative but deeply cherished heritage of prejudice and subjection that the enlightened Japanese women are striving to free themselves. For unmarried and youthful women it is comparatively easy, as openings of self-support abound in every direction, and, curiously, such economic independence is openly commended on all sides so long as it does not infringe the state of the married woman; but it is just at that point where the shoe most pinches. There being no surplus of women in Japan, it must be assumed that marriage will be the primary vocation for all women, and that the girls

now employed in their thousands in shops and offices are destined sooner or later to become wives. Should any economic hardship result in the future, who can say what their attitude is going to be? Already it is manifesting itself in much the same way as at home. Women are endeavouring to serve two masters, a remunerative vocation and home responsibilities.

THE CALL OF THE NORTH

North—'tis the land of snow, land of the Moose-mate call,
The Eagle's piercing shriek; home of the frozen sea,
Haunt of a myriad foes—animate, great and small,
Where mortal is wont to seek the luring life of the free.

Under an arc of Sprites, leaping in Heaven's Hall
The clash of fang is heard; or the stroke of horn.
'Tis the land where might is right, land where the weak must fall:
Then on ye brave and strong: On to a life new born.

'Tis the call of a mighty voice which thunders across the snows,
Borne on the wind to you, list and you'll hear.
Go then and join the strife, heed not the mystic woes,
With staunch heart within: On—never fear.

Fight and you'll conquer all; on then with head uplift,
Courage will aid you on—against the foe.
List to the Northlands' call, of mortal tone bereft.
Gird on thy pack, depart; Hence to the land of snow.

A NORTHERN REVERIE

At night when the icy timbers crack—in the bush, and you're all alone,
And you sit and feed the heater, in the shack you've made your home,
You can hear the cry of the hunting wolf as he calls his mate to the kill,
And the eerie note of the Owl's too-who, in the swamp below the hill.

Then the doors of your mind are opened wide, and the thoughts come flooding in,
And you see the forest pictured—neath Aurora's witching glim.
Swift speed the forms of the circled pack, and you see the fleeing prey—
Falter, and stain the snow with red as rent by the mass of grey.

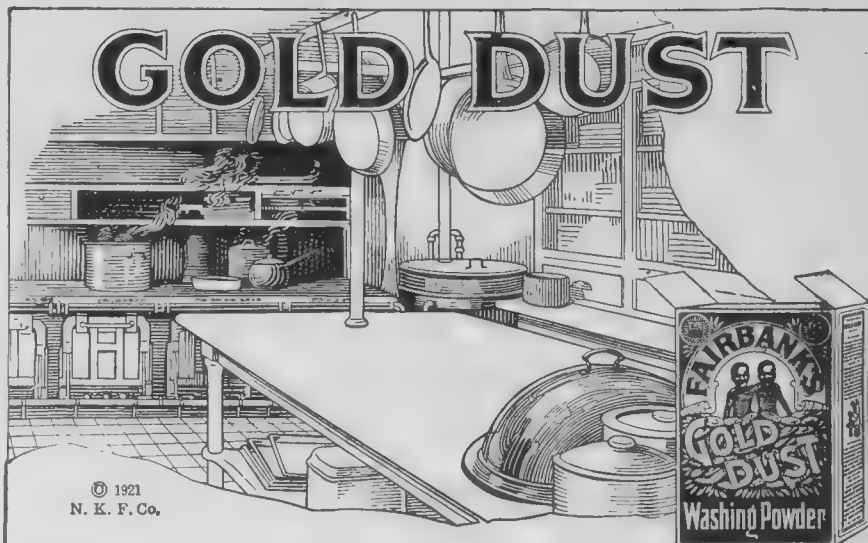
As the psychic panorama flits—to the lakes, and your thoughts go on—
And you hear the frozen waters boom—'tis the Polar's battle song.
'Tis the trumpet call to a nightly fray—twixt gnashing fang and claw,
Where the timid seek a refuge lest, they fall to the hungry maw.

And you sit and doze as the hours speed and you hear the wail of a Lynx—
'Tis the death-like note of a human babe as its last life's succour drinks—
Ere its soul departs to a land unknown—to a place in Heaven's heights
And the blood in your veins is chilled to ice, at these wondrous Northern Nights.

You wake with a start: 'Tis the break of day, with a silence still and calm,
Night's conquerors long gone to rest, in the depths of the forest's balm.
No more is heard the Owl's too-who, or the fallen warrior's moan:
And you yearn for the haunting night again—in the shack you've made your home.

HIS BUSINESS TALENT.

A company of people were waiting in a railroad station, and fell to relating at how early an age each had chosen his vocation. A farmer had been stimulated at twelve, by a plot of ground given him to cultivate. A preacher said that at the age of seven, in church one day, he had resolved to enter the ministry. Thus several men spoke; but a sign-painter present antedated them all by remarking: "I started in my business before any of you. Why, before I could talk I made signs."



Shining, Spotless Kitchens

FOR Big Kitchens. For Little Kitchens. For every Kitchen—Gold Dust! Gold Dust—soft and soapy—and oh, so "sweet-cleansing!"

Here's what the matron of a Children's Home—a Home noted for its shining Kitchen and fresh, clean Dormitories—has to say about Gold Dust:

"Every Monday morning we make a soft soap of Gold Dust, using four heaping tablespoonfuls to every quart of boiling water. When cool, the 'soap' is ready for use. And it is so cleansing. So quick in sanitary results. So easy to clean with. With this Gold Dust soft soap every corner of our 'Home' is kept sweet and sanitary—and our big Kitchen spotless and shining."

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

LIMITED, MONTREAL

Let the Gold Dust

Twins do your work

Cruise the Seas of Eternal Summer

Forget winter in the pleasure of a cruise through the sunny waters of the Mediterranean or among the coral islands of the West Indies. Visit Italy, Greece, and ancient Egypt—see the quaint spots of palm-shaded Latin America. This is the ideal winter holiday.

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN—From New York to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monaco, Genoa, Naples, Athens and Alexandria for Egypt and the Nile.

ADRIATIC (24,541 tons) JAN. 7, FEB. 18
ARABIC (17,324 tons) - JAN. 21, MAR. 4
 Bookings to any port. Optional Shore Excursions.

TO WEST INDIES—From New York to Cuba, Panama Canal, Venezuela, Windward and Leeward Islands, Virgin Islands, Porto Rico and (on third cruise) Bermuda.

MEGANTIC (20,000 tons disp.) JAN. 17,* FEB. 18, MAR. 20
 Largest dimensioned steamer sailing to the tropics.
 *Nassau last port of call on first cruise.

Both the West Indies cruise and the voyages de luxe to the Mediterranean partake of that luxury and comfort that is characteristic of the White Star Line. Ask for booklets today.

White Star-Dominion Line
W.M. McLeod, 286 Main St.
 Winnipeg, or Local Agents.

What Kind of a Day Do You Wish Yourself?

Suppose you could make a wish at the breakfast table and finally have the wish come true. Would you say,

"I want this to be a good day," or—"I am willing for this day to drag along?"

If you keep on wishing your days with the food you eat, finally the wish is likely to come true.

Grape-Nuts helps your wish for a good day. Nothing miraculous; just the natural result from right food with the right taste.

There is a charm of flavor and crispness in Grape-Nuts that is like the smile of a good friend at the breakfast table—

And Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (fresh or tinned), is fully nourishing—feeding the tissues and glands, the bone and blood with just those elements which Nature requires—building strength without any "heaviness."

Grape-Nuts is the perfected goodness of wheat and malted barley, scientifically developed—ready to eat from the package. A Grape-Nuts breakfast or lunch is a practical wish for good luck.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by all grocers

The Big Offer of the Year!

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR, AND
A Stamped Tray Cloth

ALL
FOR **\$1.25**

Enough reading matter to supply your needs for the coming twelve months, and you will be delighted with the Tray Cloth which is stamped on good quality crash, and all ready for embroidering.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and the Stamped Tray Cloth

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

Through Death to Life

A New Year Sermon by a Layman

In this land many call themselves Christians and the term is not infrequently applied to the Nation. For different minds the expression Christian has different meanings, but all will agree that for the Master Himself and His real followers it must at least imply willingness to sacrifice. In this world and life he emphasized above all other things the great paradox "He that would find his life must lose it." It is not out of place to enquire what this means when applied to the individual, the family, the community, the state and the world.

THE INDIVIDUAL

The individual may lose his life in two ways. He may sacrifice the lower in his own nature to the higher, or he may sacrifice himself for others as he associates with them in the institutions of civilization.

The lower in a man is associated with such words as appetite, lust for wealth, gain, or bodily satisfaction, the higher is coupled with such ideas as ambition to attain excellence in thought, feeling or deed. All around us are men, and a greater number of women, who have made a choice of the higher. They have been conquerors in a stern battle, and they shall wear the victor's crown. They have saved their lives by losing them. The history of self-realization is a story of fasts and self-denials, vigils and mortifications of the flesh, many of them terrible and most of them useless, but nevertheless they indicate the grim seriousness of the struggle between the lower and higher impulses. It has taken centuries for us to learn that the way to glory is not necessarily the way of self-recrimination and endless torture. Rather should it be the way of the triumphant warrior who though he must bear scars and wounds yet feels them not, because of the joy of self-conquest. There is little merit in mere suffering, but there is merit when a man is so dominated by an ideal that he counts the struggles of achievement as insignificant.

The second form of individual sacrifice is that of the man who gives himself for his fellows. He loses himself in the service of society, but he finds himself in that higher company of unselfish souls whose delight it is to serve. What a glorious army of martyrs this world has known,—men who gave life, liberty, wealth and position for the sake of truth and beauty and righteousness! Socrates, Alfred Abelard, Galileo, Wilberforce, Lincoln, Laura Secord, Florence Nightingale, Isaac Brock, and all the thousands now sleeping in the Fields of Flanders—they spared not their lives that the world might be free from ignorance and wrong. In their own times many of them were misunderstood and maligned, but today their names are enshrined in the hearts of mankind. They sought not the applause of men, but the greater good. They lost their immediate opportunity in life but they won undying fame. Who would not say that they made the wiser choice?

THE FAMILY

The first association into which man enters is that of the family. As a member of the family he may lose his life in two ways. He may give up time and comfort for other members of the group, or he may in common with the others give up family joys and opportunities for the good of the community.

In an ordinary family, who makes the greatest sacrifice? Is it not the mother? And who experiences the greatest joy? Most undoubtedly it is she? There is always greater joy in giving than in receiving, and the family in which there is an unselfish giving spirit is bound to know something of that higher happiness which is the lot of generous souls. In the family no one can find his life unless he loses it. The joy of friendship and affection follows every sacrifice. In selfishness alone are sown the seeds of hatred, disunion and distrust.

The best way in which a family can make a lasting reputation is not by amassing but by giving. There is such a thing as public spirit, and the home which manifests it is the home which has the goodwill of a community. All over this land there are homes of which it may be said they have been a blessing to all around. True the fathers and mothers may have

sacrificed time and money for the public good, they may have lost opportunities for making immediate gain, but they have at least saved their souls as they have lost them in the service of others. An isolated and self-seeking group, that never gets outside of itself to lose itself, is not a true family and will perish from the earth. The true family identifies itself with social institutions of all kinds, and realizes its possibilities in active service.

THE NATION

There is a community life and this too follows the same law. Whether it be a small local community, rural or urban, or the larger unit known as the state, it finds itself not by following a policy of narrowness and isolation but by joining freely in the activities of the group above.

To begin with, the members of the community whether families, or groups, known by race or class names, must learn to co-operate in a kindly way, sinking themselves in the whole for their own good and the good of the whole. Christianity is above all things democratic, and can endure neither the arrogance of isolation nor the selfishness of class distinction.

In the second place the nation must find its soul not by grasping all it can from its neighbors, but by giving all it can for her advancement. When Germany announced its intention to dominate the world rather than to minister to its needs, it proved its inability to lead mankind. A nation like an individual will find its life in losing it in the service of humanity. The Greece of Penciles still lives because it gave to the world its masterpieces of beauty and thought. The Rome of the Caesars still lives in our laws and constitution. The people of Israel still live in their code of morals, even though some of the modern representatives have forgotten the teaching. And Britain will continue to live just because her discoveries have been for the world, and because she has been first in missionary endeavor.

The thought for Canadians is that their greatness must depend upon their power to confer blessings upon others rather than their power to grasp what others have won by labor. True greatness is in service.

THE WORLD CONFERENCE

There is at Washington a great conference. It is great because there is evidence that some of the great nations are living up to the Christian standard. They are willing to lose so that mankind will gain. Let there be no mistake about it, they will find their lives in losing them. But every self-seeking interest will lose—not only in the sense that its grasping will eventually mean its undoing—but in the sense that it will never rise to the dignity of a people great in the consciousness of justice, brotherly-kindness, and human love.

THE GROWING SOUL

There are Christians in the world who have adopted the motto of the Master and these are the Salt of the Earth. They may not glory in what they have, but other people glory in what they are. They are perhaps out of sympathy with men of narrow vision. Their eyes are on the far sea-line. They are making for a larger world. This larger world is the world of service.

The caterpillar loses his crawly existence as he winds himself in his cocoon, but he emerges a beautiful moth rich in his colors and wonderful in his winged motion. So men, families, nations, as they lose themselves in the self-woven meshes of service emerge into greater beauty—a beauty that will not dim as ages pass away.

THE ACID TEST

A man should divide his life into three periods: First, that of education, acquiring the fullest and best within his power. Second, that of achievement; active only for himself and his family, and discharging the first duty of any man—to see that in case of his incapacity, those who are closest to him are provided for. Then service for others. That is the acid test where many a man falls short; to know instinctively and truly when he has enough and to be willing, not only to let well enough alone, but to give a helping hand to the other fellow. Edward Bok.

The Peace of a Garden

By Evelyn Miller

A garden! In the beginning of creation there was a garden; to most of us our earliest recollections are of an old garden, picking daisies on an emerald green lawn, mine had a huge pink May tree that, to my childish remembrance, was always in bloom! A garden to begin with and to many of us a garden to end with, to walk in with perhaps rather weary feet in the warm sunshine or in the cool of the evening; and then last of all rest in God's acre, a garden of sleep.

Passing through a hospital ward one hot summer day, with the noises of a great city filling in the long weary hours, I heard a man mutter as he tossed restlessly on his narrow bed: "Oh, for the peace of a garden." Thousands of our men during the past war, dusty, thirsty, and very weary, have simply longed for a garden—the shelter, the rest, the peace of a garden. They have thought of them by day and dreamed of them by night, of golden days in summer, of sparkling days of winter when they had made a snow-man and never felt the cold! Now when Peace has come they are determined to have a garden to live in, a bit of land for their very own, a corner of the England they have given their blood to save. Thousands of women also all through the dark days that are behind us, thank God! have thought and dreamed, too, of the home and the garden far away from the din of commerce, away from the smoke and grime. A wee home with their man. To some it will be a reality, to thousands of others it will always be a dream garden, for their man has gone West and they are afraid of the loneliness of it all. But many of these desolate ones will turn back to the land, to dear old Mother Earth they will take their broken hearts and crave for peace. What multitudes of men and women have taken in old days, and will take now their sore and stricken hearts to a garden. For a time it will be their Garden of Gethsemane and there they will dig, water and sow very often with bitter tears, but time and the peace of the garden will heal their grievous wounds bodily and mentally; slowly but surely they will take heart again and rejoice

once more amid the flowers and ripening fruit. There is an aftermath when the homely and lonely find happiness and a solace in their garden.

Some years ago I spent a long hot summer in an old French convent garden; a garden that stretched down to the beautiful blue sea with wild rugged rocks and green woods sloping down to the sunlit waters. All was peaceful loveliness in that old garden, where one came upon a tiny grotto or holy shrine embedded in a mass of roses, where sometimes in the long hot days the only sound in that garden would be the fall of some luscious peach and the ripple of the in-coming tide. Yet those black-robed Sisters walking in that garden trembled often for their safety and their home within the high grey walls. France sent these tender souls out as wanderers, homeless, penniless, and helpless, to find another home across a narrow frontier, and to-day France is thankful that she had those gentle hands to tend their grievous wounds, outcasts from their garden they remembered not and forgave.

Yet another summer I recall a Welsh garden, this time nestling under the everlasting hills, with a mountain torrent bubbling and trickling gaily over the mossy stones on its way to the sea. Great trees cast a welcome shade over the smooth lawns, and there out in the sunshine quaint old-fashioned flowers bordered the grass walk, while the scent of mummy sweet-peas filled the soft air with their fragrance. I always remember those pale sweet-peas which had been buried for ages in a dark tomb and then by an alien hand were brought to that old grey house in the Welsh hills to bloom afresh once more; a little paler, a trifle smaller, but as sweet as ever.

This is what gardens will do for the women and men of England; they will bloom and grow strong again amid the quiet and peaceful security of their gardens. "The kiss of the sun for pardon, The song of the birds for mirth, One is nearer God's heart in a garden Than anywhere else on earth."

CULTIVATE A SMILE!

Do you want a life of sunshine
And a bright and pleasant way?
Do you want the name—"Good fellow"
From the folks you meet each day?
If you do, get ready for it,—
You will find the job's worth while:
Be an optimist and ever
Cultivate a sunny smile!

Now the world is overburdened
With the people who spread gloom,
Who the joy from life are taking
With their sad, discordant tune:
So, if you would be a winner
In this world—just make a trial
Of the happy, laughing spirit:
Cultivate a sunny smile!

Smiles are catching—more contagious
Than the measles any day,—
And if you smile, then another
Soon will fall into that way;
Thus the world will be made brighter,
Shorter'll be the longest mile
Over which you're called to travel
If you cultivate a smile.

THE BEAUTIFUL

Beauty of form is a beauty sublime,
Beauty of face is a treasure of time,
Manner, and deed, and one's dwelling are
three
In which all of beauty may always agree:
But of all that in which beauty combines,
Beauty of soul in its glory outshines.

Beauty of form has each flake of the snows,
Beauty of face have the lily and rose,
Beauty of dwelling have the stars of the
sky,
Manner and deed have the beast that
will die:
But all of these dwell with that beauty of
spirit
That dwells in the palace my soul doth
inherit.

OVER THE WALL AND AWAY

Over the turret and prison wall,
Over the wall and away—
Each morning before the waking call,
I watch the break of day;
I see thru' the bars a little view,
Just a lovely bit of May;
A pasture, a cow and a strip of blue,
'Tis over the wall and away!

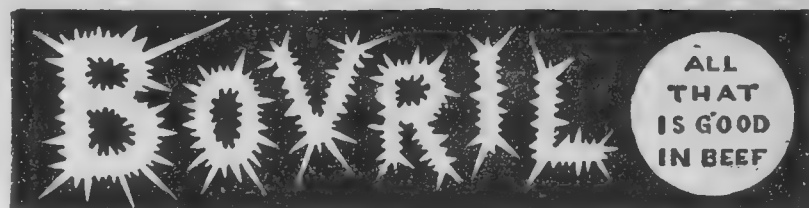
I see where the earth meets the azure sky,
A border of poplar and pine;
A flock of wild geese emerging on high,
(How I wish their wings were mine!)
And far by the woods stands a little white
house
Half hidden by a stack of hay,
Where I fancy red robin now struts for
his spouse,
'Tis over the wall and away.

That thin strip of scene thru' the bars that
I see
Is never twice quite the same,
Each time I look, it looks new to me
'Tho' I could not give it a name
It's the dawn, the cloud, the sun at its
height,
The shadows and sunbeams at play,
Greenness and gladness, beauty and light
'Tis over the wall and away!

I lie on my cot with my chin in my hands,
And I stare at a twinkling star,
But my soul goes wandering in beautiful
lands
And calling me aye from afar
And I stare at the star where my destiny
clings,
And, Oh! how I plead and I pray,
To the land of my fancy—oh! give me but
wings
'Tis over the wall and away!

"Love lieth over the way" said the sage,
But I say, Over the wall,
Happiness, joyfulness, gladness, good-age,
Music, laughter and all
Over the turret and prison wall,
Over the stony clay,
Over the pall and shadowy thrall
Over the wall and away!

BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES



\$10. the lot SPECIAL OFFER the lot \$10

2 ALL WOOL WHIT. BLANKETS—size 64x84 inches 7 pounds pair.
2 WHITE FLEECE BLANKETS—size 60x90 inches.
2 STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS—size 18x38 inches.

PACKED and CARRIAGE PAID to your address. Money returned in full if not satisfied

THE DIRECT TRADING CO., 4 Aytoun street, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Why take chances?

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-acetic acid ester of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

How About Your Subscription?

Reference to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. Do it now!

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Big Fur Profits for YOU!



THERE'S big money in raw furs for you this season. We want all the furs you can get and we want 'em quick. We are paying extremely high prices—NOW—for Muskrat, Mink, Foxes, Fisher, Marten, Wolves and all other kinds of furs, so get after the fur-bearers in your neighbourhood and just as fast as you get them ship 'em direct to

SHUBERT

an honest, reliable, responsible, safe fur house. For more than thirty-eight years we have been satisfying fur shippers all over Canada and we can satisfy you too. Whether you ship only one skin or a large collection, you'll get the same square deal. Each and every skin will be graded carefully and correctly by an expert—you will be paid the highest market prices and you will get your returns in a hurry. You take no risk whatever—"THE SHUBERT GUARANTEE" protects you absolutely.

Don't delay—ship now while prices are high.

GET A TRIAL SHIPMENT OFF—TODAY

Copyright, Canada, 1921, by A. B. Shubert, Limited

SHIP ALL YOUR FURS DIRECT TO

A. B. SHUBERT, LIMITED
THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN
NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS
213-215 PACIFIC AVE. DEPT. 72 WINNIPEG, CANADA

Trapper Bill
he smiles
because he ships
to Shubert

CATCHING THE "BLUE-DOG."

Continued from page 5

—we know there are such man-eating monsters, as one of my family saw a negro who was swimming in the Gulf of Mexico throw up his hands and sink and when they hauled the poor chap into the boat one of his legs was torn off below the knee—still they usually are fish and shellfish eaters—jellyfish, squid—Yes and the big squid—(THE DEVIL-FISH of the faking nature writers)—are grist for their many toothed mill. Speaking of this big soft Octopus—We have had one of them right in the centre of the good old Rice Lake canoe when studying on the Pacific—huge sloppy grisly masses with eight arms all covered with sucking discs—about the colour of sago and just as harmful as a dish of this innocuous food. Poor magined Devilfish otherwise called the Octopus—the only horrid thing about it was that it could wink the semi-transparent covering of the eye as it lay there squirming in the canoe—as much as to say "take all those yarns about me with a grain of salt!" As the big strange soft creature lives just at the lowest low-tide line which is uncovered but twice a year and where man very rarely goes he would have a fearful hunger all the time, as not one man has yet been eaten by one of these grisly creatures with impossible mouths but an inch across and the good old world is several eons of time old already.

But to get back to O-be-Joyful and the Blue-dog. We had been so much taken up with hauling in cod and examining them and the shark that we had failed to note how the clouds had lowered and how stiff the wind was getting, so it was in trawl and up with sternsail and off for the entrance. We were going a bit free and we mounted and slid down and jockeyed along in great shape. There was a bit of an "old sea" from some storm away off in the open and when we got into that we wriggled all our 35 foot length like some big fish and we were just about as wet.

Laddie was just getting the useless cameras into the wee cuddy when a clean green sea swept over the low top and hit the tiny pipe of the cuddystove and covered him nicely. He came out sputtering and trying to laugh—but as he had his mouth open his laugh ended in a strange comical contortion, for just at that instant another bit of wind chop came aboard and again filled that big compartment which Laddie fondly calls his mouth—Yes, and confound it!!! it soaked me also—so we both dived into the shelter of the young cabin.

As we entered the confines of the bay where the Eastern Passage gives entrance to the inner harbour the seas jammed up a bit and roared and creamed over—Dead ahead of us was a rowboat with one man in it tossing shoreward, it bore a big blacklooking sail and it charged those white sea horses at full speed—and as if it was not going fast enough the man sat facing the bow and rowing for all he was worth. At times the maw of the sea swallowed up the little boat, sail and man and all and the next moment he rode triumphantly on the top of the roaring crests—we were doing a bit of roaring crest work ourselves and the little sail on the stern was as hard as if cut out of blackened rock—we passed the row boat in a smother of white water and darted around the rocks into the calmer waters of the passage and Laddie and I squatted on the wet deck watching that good fisherman buffet along—Soon he too made the rocks and the calm water and we breathed regularly once more. The fishermen here have stories of a shark they call a "swigle-tail" this specimen he speaks of was taken in the nets. It continually wagged the top of its long tail fin which overhangs like a flap, this was used to give it motion as well as the tail.

They tell of a man in Argyle who "sank" his dory—that is filled it and he with his mate climbed on the long narrow bottom—a shark siezed his mate and time after time took a fresh hold until it had worried both of his legs off below the knees—the last he saw of his mate was as the body was sinking and the shark then had siezed it sideways across the stomach.

Again, lately, while they were hauling trawl, a big savage determined shark followed the line in and kept snatching to get the fish which they were pulling in hand over hand as rapidly as they could work. This seemed to infuriate the long dark blue fish and made it charge the dory, striking it with such force as to turn it completely about and it did this time after time.

As the fall is now approaching the tides and currents are working faster, yesterday off the Southwestern ledge some of the harbour men made a "shot" of trawl and it was not so bad with the tide, but the moment it turned it kicked up such a sea—and of course just then the trawl went foul of the rocks and they had to run off a bit to try and release it and the dory on the end of the trawl swung back and forth in those huge cross currents like a kite on a short string. These new flat bottomed motor boats swing crosswise and buck up a bit faster than the deep keel or centreboard sailboats used to.

An Egg a Day From Every Hen?

Can you do it? Does your experience lead you to believe it possible?

According to some advertising you can. Frankly, we never saw it done—

haven't been able to do it at our own big farm. But there is one thing sure, you can get a GREAT MANY MORE EGGS FROM YOUR FLOCK EVERY DAY THE YEAR ROUND if you add

Pratts Poultry Regulator

to any good egg-making ration. This has been proven by thousands of successful Canadian poultrymen.

Pratts Poultry Regulator is NOT a food—it is an egg tonic, and poultry conditioner, scientifically prepared to keep hens healthy and in laying condition, to digest their feed and turn it into eggs.

With eggs at present prices you should not hesitate to try anything within reason that promises to increase production. Just try Pratts Poultry Regulator—try it now—at our risk.

Kill disease germs—protect your flock by using PRATTS POULTRY DISINFECTANT—a powerful germicide and deodorant.

Your Money Back IF YOU Are Not Satisfied.

Made In Our Own Factory In Toronto.

Sold By Dealers All Over Canada.

ADVICE FREE— Let our experts help solve your poultry problems. Write. Ask for FREE Booklet—worth dollars to you.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited

332N Carlaw Ave., Toronto



"BETTER COOKERY" means BETTER HOMES.

SINCE the inception of our "BETTER COOKERY" service department, thousands of women have taken advantage of Miss Gertrude Dutton's practical advice on cookery.

Miss Dutton has made a life study of cookery as it applies to the making of better homes, through the preparation of Digestable, Appetizing and Economical food for the table. You will always find Miss Dutton's advice practical. Not impossible or expensive. ADDRESS your cookery problems to

Miss Gertrude Dutton, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



Chinese Make Saint of Famous White Man

By Francis Dickie

No stranger temple exists in the world than that of the "500 Genii" in Canton, China. Yet few men in the outside world have heard of it. The other day a returning missionary told your correspondent about it, and the famous white man saint within. The temple is cruciform, and down the various aisles in long facing rows stand the statues of 500 men who in some manner gave service to the Chinese so they are believed to have attained the rank of Genii or lesser gods in the next world. The features of most of these statues are naturally Mongolian, but some are Indian type, Japanese,

Malay, one African and one white, the latter statue represents Marco Polo, the famous 14th century traveller, first white man to penetrate China. For his various services he now has a statue with a great bowl before it as shown in the photo in which coins may be dropped for the benefit of the temple, or joss sticks burned. This unique temple is a credit to the Chinese showing they do not let race prejudice affect their appreciation of foreigners who as philosophers, statesmen, travellers or teachers helped them. The statues are all in different attitudes, and fine pieces of artistic work.

About The Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

There are many reasons why there should be an effort made to store ice on the farm. These are certainly days when one needs to get every cent's worth of value out of food and to prevent waste taking place in perishable substances. By the use of ice, the keeping qualities of various kinds of food are greatly prolonged and especially in the case of milk as ice is not a luxury but an essential. Where there is milk to be taken to the creamery, ice plays an important part in the process of the business and where it is lacking there is likely to be many disappointments caused by the shrinkage of the cheque periodically issued by the creamery.

In the farm home the use to which ice may be put is varied and especially where there is a sudden case of sickness it will often prove a great boon as a friend in need. There are cases of where milk is on hand in quantity and will have to stand for a time before being moved away and then it is that the use of ice proves of considerable value especially when a hot night can do so much damage. Butter, eggs, meats and fruits which would otherwise be in danger of spoiling are held in safety for a considerable period.

In the midst of zero weather with keen cutting wind and occasional flurries of snow the trip to the river for ice certainly has not a very strong appeal to the average human being, but on the principle of "no gains without pains" it becomes well worth the endeavor in the end, for when we turn to the other side of the story and turn our minds to the heat of July in the hay field when we seek relief in the occasional cool draught from the fan, we feel glad that the trips to the river in the depth of winter were undertaken.

Ice may be stored in a special building erected for that purpose or in a corner of a shed partitioned off for that purpose. No floor is required although some system of drainage should be provided. Several inches of coarse gravel may be used for this purpose. At least one foot of sawdust should be placed under the ice and from one foot to eighteen inches of dry sawdust over the top and at least one foot of sawdust between the ice and the walls of the building.

In packing the ice keep each tier of blocks as level as possible and have the blocks about one size. Do not place sawdust between the tiers of ice, but fill all crevices with crushed ice or snow, and endeavour to make the mass as nearly a solid block as possible.

During the summer keep the holes which may be caused by wastage well filled and occasionally rake over the sawdust to a depth of three or four inches in order to keep the top dry. This will help save the ice.

About ten blocks of ice eighteen inches by thirty six inches by ten inches thick will weigh one ton. One ton of solid ice measures thirty six cubic feet. In regard to the dairy end of the farm one can estimate the requirements for the season as it is estimated that from one ton and a half to two tons of ice per cow is necessary to cool the milk for the season. On a rough estimate, making allowance for wastage, a space of twelve feet by twelve feet by eleven feet high, if the ice is carefully packed, should provide storage for the needs of a herd of fifteen to twenty cows.

The following table will give a rough estimate and will be a useful guide in estimating the number of blocks required:

12 blocks	18 x 36 in., 8 in. thick—1 ton
10 "	18 x 36 in., 10 in. " —1 "
8 "	18 x 36 in., 12 in. " —1 "
7 "	18 x 36 in., 14 in. " —1 "
6 "	18 x 36 in., 16 in. " —1 "
5 "	18 x 36 in., 20 in. " —1 "

GIVE A THOUGHT TO BEES THIS WINTER

Having the long winter evenings before us we can turn a good many questions over, accepting or rejecting such as may be practicable or impracticable as the case may be. In this process of holding conferences for the planning of the operations on the farm for the coming season it would be well to consider bee keeping as a side line to the usual farm operations. It is fully understood that economy will be the watchword, and this being the case bee keeping should stand in favorable light, as the bees are capable of rendering a huge return for an insignificant amount of labor and outlay.

By purchasing a couple of healthy colonies one will possess a group of live stock that is absolutely self supporting and which will produce a considerable quantity of honey of unsurpassed quality. Also, as a hobby and a diversion they become a most engrossing study for young and old. If they succeed in forging a link in the chain that keeps the younger generation on the farm, this alone will justify their existence, but they function for the benefit of the country farmstead or town garden in many ways. There is the honey which may be gathered from time to time, a proportionate amount of beeswax is also available which may be pressed and sold, and there is the task of cross fertilization which makes horticulture a success. In fact, it is claimed that for the small amount of capital invested, bees will yield a larger return than anything else on the farm. It is claimed that the honey obtained from a well managed colony will be from thirty to one hundred and twenty pounds in an average year, though of course there are occasional seasons when there will be little or no surplus honey to gather but such seasons are by no means the rule.

Spring is the best time to start bee keeping and a colony or two should be obtained from a reliable source. If any of the neighbors keep bees, it would be an excellent plan to obtain your colonies from any of them but first of all a few visits should be made to the neighbor from whom you intend to purchase, and observations taken on the methods of handling the bees such as the opening of the hives, examining the combs, hiving a swarm, etc.

It is very important to make sure that the bees that are being purchased are free from disease, hence the advisability of securing bees from your own districts or that being impossible, see that the people from whom you buy are reputable bee keepers. When bees are shipped from a distance they travel with less risk if the weather is cool, therefore the months of April or May are appropriate months to start an apiary on your grounds.

The following list of supplies will serve as a guide to the beginner in bee keeping:

- One or two colonies of bees in 10-frame Langstroth hives
- Bee smoker
- Bee veil
- Honey extractor
- Uncapping knife
- 2 10-frame hive supers

For those who are somewhat uncertain of the mood of the bees it might be advisable to include a pair of long gloves.

The next step in the choosing of a suitable location for the apiary. Of course every farmstead is not provided with an ideal location for the establishment of an apiary but there is always some choice in the matter and it is best to choose the most suitable while about the task of locating.

The place selected for the home of the bees should be sheltered from high winds especially from the winds from the north-west and north. It is preferable when starting the apiary to have it located within sight of the house and away from the road or where cattle will be likely to interfere. The hives should be about four inches clear of the ground mounted on frames made up like a box with an inclined plane in front leading up to the entrance so that the bees will have a good alighting place for they often return to the hive so heavily laden with supplies that they need an easy place to land before entering the hive. The ground around the hives especially in front of the entrance should be kept clean, and the grass kept short.

In regard to handling the bees, we will assume that the beginner has obtained a catalogue of bee supplies from a seed house or some such source of supply, and possesses the necessary implements such as a hive tool—a screw driver will serve in its place should there not be a hive tool on hand—a bee brush or an ordinary clothes whisk, a smoker and a veil. By the way, it is advisable to get these as soon as possible so as to have things in a state of readiness in the spring.

To inspect the hives one should approach them from the back in an ordinary way and without rushes or any hurried movement, choosing a fine day when the

Continued on page 19



From a Kodak Negative.

Keep the story of the children with an Autographic KODAK

"When was it made?" That's the inevitable question that a picture of a child provokes. You know the answer now, perhaps, but later—

Through the Autographic feature, an integral part of the Kodak, each negative may be dated and titled at the time of exposure.

Autographic Kodaks \$9 up, at your dealer's.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto

What Does This Trade Mark Mean?



It is our guarantee of quality to the women of Canada whenever they buy a kitchen utensil bearing the **SMP** trademark. Whenever women buy Enameled Ware, The Clean Ware, they may buy with confidence if it carries this **SMP** label. **SMP** enameled ware is so smooth, so clean, so safe to use, so pleasant to work with and so full of service. Ask for **SMP**



Pearl Ware or Diamond Ware

MADE BY THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY 51

THE HOME DOCTOR. Health in the home, practical advice from the pen of a prominent physician appears each month in the columns of *The Western Home Monthly*.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

However much many people scoff at NEW YEAR Resolutions it is an undisputed fact that with the advent of the NEW YEAR almost everyone feels that they should RESOLVE to do, in the coming year, that which they have overlooked in the year just gone.

Riches are fleeting and investments are uncertain, therefore, we should RESOLVE upon a CERTAINTY that will ASSURE the support and safeguard of OUR DEAR ONES, which can only be ASSURED through LIFE INSURANCE.

The Great-West Life offers PROTECTION to you during your lifetime, in case of Disability, and to your WIDOW and ORPHANS, after you are gone.

RESOLVE that you will eliminate useless expenditures, so that you may easily pay for that PROTECTION which costs from 3 cents to 20 cents a day for \$500 to \$5,000.

NOW IS THE TIME!

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE

WRITE FOR FULL INFORMATION

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - - - - - WINNIPEG

Small Bank Accounts

We welcome even the smallest accounts and extend the same service to the patron depositing one dollar a week, as to the firm banking thousands.

Moreover, that deposit of \$1 a week, continued regularly, and including interest at 3% compounded semi-annually, gives you a balance of \$280.26 in five years.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Head Office • WINNIPEG

TAKE A VACATION THIS WINTER

VISIT

VANCOUVER and VICTORIA

See New Sights—Enjoy Your Favorite Outdoor Recreation—Splendid Motor Roads—Magnificent Scenery
**A WONDERFUL CLIME
IN WINTER TIME**

This Season extend the Trip to

CALIFORNIA



For Full Information ask any Agent of the
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



FINANCIAL MEN DISCUSS NATIONAL PROBLEMS.

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal is always looked forward to with interest by the general public, mainly because of the excellent addresses which are given there by the president and general manager of the bank. It has been the custom for these officials to include a survey of past conditions and to forecast to some extent what may be expected in the future. The addresses given at the recent annual meeting of the bank were most interesting and instructive. National problems were discussed frankly and courageously and it is time well spent to devote the necessary minutes, to carefully read these addresses.

Dealing with Taxation, Sir Vincent Meredith, the president, stated: "Taxation has everywhere become a serious burden. In our own country it is heavy even to the point of impeding industry and trade and I know of no other means of redress than economy in public and private expenditure. There is no greater economic truth than that if you take from the people their accumulated savings by overtaxation, you stifle all initiative and enterprise, and your revenues will fall, for these having surplus funds will probably find means of investing out of reach of the tax gatherer where they will not contribute to the wealth and prosperity of the country. Taxation can be lessened in two ways only—by reducing public expenditure and by increasing population; and the hope is that both means will be employed."

Railways Should be Privately Owned.

Discussing the National Railway problem the president stated: "In Great Britain and in the United States, as is well known, the railways were returned to private ownership because the operation by the government was resulting in financial chaos. With our own National system of railways it is well to face the facts. There has to be met an annual fixed charge of about \$66,000,000 plus loss in operation, which last year amounted to \$32,000,000, and will this year be not greatly less. In addition a sum estimated at \$150,000,000 has to be provided in the next few years for replacements and betterments. I see no reason to change the views I have expressed to you on former occasions, nor do I look for any marked improvement in these conditions so long as the roads continue under public—that is, political—ownership and operation, which all experience condemns.

Dealing with present conditions, President Meredith stated: "The position is still full of difficulties and the way to sustained improvement is not yet clear. While there has been a revival in some lines of business, in others deflation has not yet run its course and stocks are being carried which possibly may have to be written down to lower replacement values."

We Have Mortgaged Our Future.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, also touched upon general conditions in his address and said: "Aside from the cost of the war we must pay the penalty of having mortgaged our future in the building of superfluous railways and in the other extravagances. It is all very well to talk about our vast resources, but we as a people have pledged these resources and wasted our substance to an extent only now being realized. Evidence of this is, first, in the great sum of nearly \$200,000,000 annually sent abroad to meet the interest on our debts; and second, that our dollar is at a serious discount in the United States with which country we trade so heavily. The Canadian resources that remain intact are the manhood of the Dominion and the industry and ambition of our citizens. In these respects, Canada is still rich, and having learned our lesson from that inexorable teacher, stern experience, we shall emerge from our difficulties in time

a wiser nation and then proceed to the full development of a great inheritance on a sound and sure basis, turning the experience of the past to the advantage of the future.

Farmers Buying Power Declines.

Sanford Evans, the well known statistician of Winnipeg, has prepared some very interesting figures which clearly show the extent to which the purchasing power of wheat and other grains has declined. Up to November 11, farmers in the West had delivered 132,022,419 bushels of wheat at country elevators, which after deducting freight charges, was sold for \$127,000,000. Last year at the same date 109,000,000 bushels had been sold for \$234,659,775. That means that almost 24,000,000 bushels more wheat had been marketed or delivered this year than last and that the money returned to the farmer is over \$107,000,000 less.

The cost of living declined 28.75% in September and 27.83% in October as compared with the previous year. The declines in the prices of No. 1 Northern wheat for the same period (September and October 1921) as compared with 1920 are given as 45.84% and 50.19% respectively.

These figures illustrate the problem which is facing the West — the uneven decline in prices which adversely affects the farmer.

Professional Men Easy Victim.

P. T. Barnum said there was one of a certain kind of individual born every minute—the kind the unscrupulous stocks and shares salesman is always waiting for. Evidence given before the United States Securities Commission shows that a very large proportion of those who are stung by fake security vendors are professional men, such as doctors, dentists, school professors, etc. College professors head the list. These professional men, a member of the commission states: "have the insane notion that nobody could sell them anything of which they did not realize the value."

Bank of Montreal Increases Strength.

It is a well known fact that the strength and stability of a financial institution is best shown in times of financial stress and difficulty. It is therefore not surprising to see the very strong showing made by the Bank of Montreal during the past year. Banking institutions all over the world have been faced with problems of great magnitude and Canadian banks have had their share of these difficulties. It is pleasing indeed to note that the Bank of Montreal has weathered the storm so successfully.

The bank's general statement of assets and liabilities as at October 31, 1921, shows that a number of interesting changes have taken place during the past six months. The total assets have increased from \$507,199,946 to \$517,403,162 during this period. Liquid assets now stand at \$290,896,296, being equal to 62.27% of the total liabilities to the public.

A very interesting feature of the statement is that relating to savings deposits. During the past six months these have increased over \$7,000,000 and now total \$317,935,871.

When it is remembered that the past year has been a most unsettled one necessitating heavy demands on our banks and resulting in the usual amount of losses which untoward conditions always produce, the annual report of the bank is a very pleasant surprise. It shows that the bank, by maintaining its traditional conservative policy has been able to meet all legitimate demands made upon it and finish the year with a statement which reveals still greater strength.

Mortgage Money Scarce.

In times like these when the farmer needs all the financial assistance he can get, the shortage of money available for farm

Continued on page 19

The Royal Bank of Canada



Give your Boy a Chance!
You will not miss the small monthly amounts.

On the first day of every month draw a cheque for \$10 for the credit of your son's Savings Account. Do this regularly for (say) ten years.

Your boy will then have \$1,387.42. He can own a farm when other boys are still working for wages.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000
625 BRANCHES

PROVINCES VS. DOMINION

Under the Dominion Insurance Act, Life Assurance Companies are permitted to invest in the stocks and bonds of ordinary commercial concerns.

Under the Provincial system investments are limited to the bonds and debentures of the Dominion of Canada, the Provinces, and municipalities and first mortgages on improved real estate.

No chance is taken with your money when you buy insurance from a Company licensed by one of the Provinces.

368

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
NORTHWESTERN BUILDING
J.R.C. MENLOVE PRES.
H.R.S. McCABE MGR. DIR.
WINNIPEG CANADA
F.O. MABER SEC. TREAS.



HOW TO HANG A SCYTHE

It is told of Daniel Webster, who as a boy was never fond of farm work, that during one of his college vacations he and his brother Ezekiel returned to their father's farm. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, Capt. Webster put scythes into their hands and set them out to mow grass.

Daniel made a few sweeps, and then, leaning on his scythe, wiped the perspiration from his brow.

His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?"

"My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered.

Capt. Webster attended to it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe, and so it was again tinkered; but it was not long before it wanted attention again. At that, Capt. Webster whose patience began to give out, said, "Well, hang it to suit yourself."

Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the next tree and sat down on the grass.

loans is particularly unfortunate. At the present time the West is absolutely dependent upon outside sources for its working capital. We look to Eastern Canada, the United States and Europe to supply us with funds but at the present time the supply is limited. There are a number of reasons for this and one of the most important has been the world wide demand for money. This demand is dropping down to some extent. The Bank of England rate has been reduced to 5% and there are indications that it will be reduced still lower before spring. If this happens it will enable Canadian loan companies to get British funds at an interest rate which will make it possible for them to loan at reasonable rates on Western farm lands. Until that time comes we shall have to carry on as well as we can.

ABOUT THE FARM

Continued from page 17

bees will be busy and hence a good percentage of them will be out of the hive. Before opening the hive have the smoker in good working order by having it filled with old sacking or rotten wood then reach round and put a few puffs of smoke into the entrance of the hive which will have a quietening effect on the bees. After this has been accomplished, lift the roof off gently, raise the corner of the oil-cloth cover which lies on top of the frames and give a few puffs of smoke between the frames, then with the hive tool, or screw driver, loosen and lift out the first frame and gently brush off the bees so that they fall in front of the hive. After inspecting, this frame may be leant against the side of the hive as this will make it easier to examine the other frames without crushing the bees, for, with a frame less, the subsequent ones may be loosened and drawn toward you so that they will not rub against the neighbouring comb as they are drawn out. An occasional puff of smoke may be given from time to time throughout the operation.

When taking combs full of honey, do not let the combs that one intends to take away be exposed but keep it out of the reach of the bees by enclosing in a box. As each comb is taken out that is to be extracted from, a new frame with comb foundation attached should be put in its place. Of course when the honey has been extracted the empty frame may be used again and again until it becomes too old and dirty. The hive should not be kept open for too long a period as the bees may at last begin to lose patience and also the open hive may tend to chill any brood which may be present.

It is not the object of this article to go into the minute technicalities of bee-keeping but to act more as a guide to beginners.

Trap Nests as an Aid to Selection.

Trap nests, as their name implies are nests which trap the hens after they have entered and there is no escape for them until they have been released by hand. The object of the trap nests is to retain each hen that has laid so that her number may be recorded and an egg credited to her, thus one is able to eventually cull out the layers from the "boarders."

Of course the busy farmer on the average would not find time to make the necessary visits three or four times a day to the hen houses to release the hens and gather the eggs after making the necessary records, but for those who are going in for poultry as a special line the trap nest is a necessary part of the poultry equipment.

When trap nests are used, a sufficient number must be in each pen or the hens will lay on the floor through being crowded out of the nest and the hens that lay on the floor will naturally lose the credit of laying such eggs as there will be no means of identification. A handy way to keep the records of the various hens is to have a score card hanging up in each pen and the numbers of the leg bands of each hen in the pen appearing across the top of the card with columns ruled down from them. The days of the month appear at the side of the card with lines ruled across the face of the score card so that one can score a figure "1" on the date laid and under the number of the hen to be credited. An excellent means of checking the accuracy of the score card is to mark the eggs in pencil as they are collected, noting thereon the number of the leg band. This saves walking up to the score card after releasing each hen, so that one is enabled to proceed down the line of trap nests and when all the hens are released and the eggs collected all that remains to be done

is to carry the basket of eggs to the score card and copy off the scores in the manner described above.

For the selecting of good laying strains the system of trap nesting is an essential, as the progeny of the good layers may be kept separate from the others and in time an excellent laying strain will be established. Now that the Egg Laying Contests have become established throughout the Dominion, prospective competitors by the aid of trap nests will be able to select a pen which may bring credit to his poultry plant and give him, as a breeder, Dominion-wide publicity.

Another good point about this system is that the score cards will naturally show the time of year at which the eggs are laid. For instance a certain hen may lay 150 eggs in the year while another may lay only 100, but the latter hen may lay her eggs at the time of year when eggs are most in demand. The trap nest places the poultry keeper in close touch with the individuality of each of his hens, for the undersized eggs and poorly shaped eggs under this system will have the tell tale number on them and accordingly the old established system of the law of selection and the survival of the fittest may be put into force by the undesirable birds being culled out of the flock.

ANOTHER SHADE.

In Harper's Bazaar appears a story said to be told by a young widow employed in the English war office. A busy staff officer asked a fair colleague to look up the initials of a certain captain in the Black Watch, which is a famous Scottish regiment.

"Well?" said the officer, when he thought a sufficient interval had elapsed.

"I can't find it."

"But, surely—why, that isn't the Army List you're looking at!"

The assistant's blue eyes opened wide with surprise.

"Oh, would it be there?" she asked. "I thought all colored troops were in the Indian army!"

WHEN SCOT MEET SCOTS.

The lady was the owner of a small shop, writes the London Telegraph, and her squire acquired the habit of seeing her home and carrying the cash bag that contained the day's takings. It was generally heavy.

"You must be doin' weel," remarked the gentleman, frequently.

"Oh, ay," the lady would reply, "it's a guid bit business."

But she did not disclose that beside the moderate drawings, the bag contained the counter weights. The canny lover only discovered that fact after marriage.

A DISAPPOINTED PENSIONER.

Mrs. Higginson's letters to her husband's family in Brattleboro, says Mary Thacher Higginson in her biography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, always contained characteristic comments on her husband's doings.

"Wentworth has been away two days this week," she wrote, "and is going to Washington to-night to fight for women. I wish they had been fixed before we were born.....Lately he has been trying to find a father and grandfather for some stray girl—I don't know who. He hasn't found them yet, but I suppose he will persevere. I should think that one would be enough, but he is naturally thorough, you know."

The colonel explained in a postscript:

The case of this girl is that she wants a pension because her father was a soldier and died in a rebel prison.....I have come upon only two obstacles to her wish: "First, that she is not the man's daughter." "Second, that he is still alive."

THE MAKING OF A HERO.

A seasoned old "salt" was a devoted admirer of a young middy who served on the same warship, says the London Citizen. An accident occurred—a man overboard and a gallant rescue by one of the lieutenants, which brought a handsome letter of commendation from the Admiralty.

"It's a nice thing to get a letter like that," said the old tar to his young friend.

"You ought to have one."

"Well, I'll have to wait my chance," said the middy.

"See here," said the other, "I'll drop from the rigging, and you jump in and rescue me."

"But I can't swim," was the reply.

"Never you mind," said the veteran. "I'll hold you up till the boat comes."

NEED FOR ECONOMY AND IMMIGRATION SAY LEADING BANKERS.

The Speeches at the recent Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal are instructive as indicating how the eminent financiers who conduct that institution, and who, of course, have their fingers on the pulse of trade conditions, regard the economic and commercial outlook for the immediate future. It will be noticed that the President, Sir Vincent Meredith, and the General Manager, Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, both indicated that a policy of continued caution in regard to business enterprises was necessary from the fact that deflation has not yet run its course. It was pointed out by Sir Frederick, for instance, that while the purchasing power of the products of our national resources was at the lowest level reached for some years past, high prices continued in other directions, and particularly in regard to retail business. With the purchasing power of the producers of our natural wealth restricted, it follows that they are not in a position to pay high prices for many commodities that they would otherwise like to purchase, and this naturally restricts trade and aggravates unemployment. Of course, as Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor said, many of the merchants are in the position of being absolutely unable to deflate owing to the demand for their goods having disappeared. These are matters which necessitate careful consideration on the part of business interests and they particularly merit the attention of Labor as the high cost of labor is regarded as one of the main factors in preventing a return to normal conditions.

There were some interesting points in the speeches, which show that there are good grounds for believing that a period when sustained improvement in trade will be inaugurated is approaching. For instance, Sir Vincent Meredith drew attention to Canada's closer balance of trade and also expressed a belief that German competition, which is becoming a serious factor in the markets of the world, will greatly lessen in the near future as the result of the reaction following the sharp decline in the value of the mark. His caution as to the stifling effect of heavy taxation and as to the financial chaos inevitable from political ownership and operation of the railways should carry weight with those who will direct the public affairs of this country.

Bank in Strong Liquid Position

A gratifying feature of Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor's speech in presenting the 104th Balance Sheet of the Bank was the fact that he was able to report that the premier banking institution of the Dominion had not only come safely through the period of deflation but was in a stronger position than ever, with ample liquid assets to meet any emergency. The traditional policy of this institution in maintaining so strong a liquid position is not only a steady influence on the whole financial system of this country but enables it to carry deserving customers in periods of stress and thus to aid materially in assisting the trade of the country generally to adapt itself to new conditions. Altogether the proceedings at this important meeting formed an excellent testimonial to the fundamental soundness of Canada's position, especially as compared with most other countries.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

It is impossible not to appreciate the resourceful wit of the milliner of whom Tit-Bits tells. A lady, selecting a hat, asked cautiously:

"Is there anything about these feathers that might bring me into trouble with the Bird Protection Society?"

"Oh, no, madam," said the milliner. "But did they not belong to some bird?" persisted the lady.

"Well, madam," replied the milliner pleasantly, "these feathers are the feathers of a howl; and the howl, you know, madam seem' as 'ow fond 'e is of mice, is more of a cat than a bird."

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

PLOWING.

It is said that the great Tolstoy once asked this question of a peasant who was plowing.

"If you knew you were to die to-night, how would you spend the rest of this day?"

The plowman thought for a moment, and then answered, "I'd plow."

It was a great answer, full of the assurance that comes of the knowledge of a life well spent.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are always glad to answer the questions of correspondents who are good enough to submit their problems for consideration. Within the last few weeks, many inquiries have come to the editor of this page from points widely separated.

A subscriber in Grafton, Ontatio, says:

"Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for a number of years, I have lately become very interested in The Young Man and His Problem. In the November issue, this page explains some of the benefits of a course of study during the winter months and I was especially interested in the paragraph on English literature.

I am a young man, twenty-two years of age, living on a farm in Ontario, and as I like to read and study and would like to improve myself, I am writing to ask if you would be so kind as to send me a list of a few of the best books on English literature.

We find the W. H. M. very helpful and interesting and as a subscriber to this excellent magazine, I wish it continued success."

LITERATURE, BUSINESS ENGLISH AND LAW

From Tees P. O., Alberta, a correspondent writes:

"Please send me a list of ten good books of English literature and also the names and prices of any books you would recommend on Business English and Commercial Law.

Kindly give me the names and addresses of the book firms from which they can be obtained.

I must not close without letting you know how greatly I appreciate your page."

A PROBLEM IN SHORTHAND.

From far away Hudson Hope in British Columbia, a correspondent says:

"It was kind of you to write so fully on September 23rd, and your remarks—and especially the words written in shorthand—have helped.

I should like to get the benefit of instruction by correspondence, but it is an impossible proposition. During summer we generally have a chance of sending our mail to Peace River by boat, but incoming mail travels by the regular route via Spirit River and takes a long while, and now in winter the mail all goes out via Spirit River also.

Your letter was a month and a day on the way; from the time when this reaches you, you can judge how many—or how few—exercises I could work during the winter. I must do my best to get along alone, and now that snow has fallen and I have more time at home, I must let practice make up for want of instruction.

In the spring, I hope to take the liberty of writing again to show what I make of the system—and by that time I shall have completed my 58th year!"

PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

A subscriber at Madison, Saskatchewan, writes:

"I see in the W. H. M. some suggestions about different kinds of study at home.

Please advise me regarding the study of practical arithmetic."

This subscriber and the others mentioned here have all been written to personally. Lists of books have been suggested and the names of publishers and particulars of prices have been furnished. We all shall be glad to extend a similar service to other readers of this page.

A MOTHER AND HER SONS.

From Darlingford, Manitoba, a mother expresses a very real problem. She writes to us as follows.

"I have been reading The Young Man and His Problem in the W. H. M. I have two boys, ages 18 and 16, who have not had a chance to attend school as much as they should have.

The older one wrote on his entrance examination and then had to stop, and the younger one has gone as far as Grade 6.

I believe they could take up a course of study as you recommend at home. Would you kindly give me all particulars of a course of Bookkeeping for one and of Practical Arithmetic for the other?"

BOOKKEEPING AND LITERATURE.

From Irma, Alberta, one of our friends writes:

"Having read your article on Bookkeeping in the November issue of The Western Home Monthly. I would like to know whether or not I can purchase a copy of Bookkeeping and Accounting, Part I and what the price is."

A reader in Portage la Prairie writes:

"I have been a very interested reader of your page in the W. H. M. for some time and now I would like a little help myself.

Would you please send me a list of ten or twelve good books for winter reading.

At present I am attending third class normal here and I have only a limited amount of spare time. I have always tried to choose the best books and I would appreciate your suggestions very much."

TIME TESTS IN ENGLISH.

In a little handbook just received from Scribners, written by Mabel F. Brooks, the following time tests in everyday English are presented. Judging by the interest which our readers are displaying in matters educational, I think it likely that a selection from these tests will afford an opportunity for a number to try out their vocabulary knowledge.

1. Write the plural of each of the following:

crisis	piano
beau	turkey
alumna	index
focus	surplus

2. Convert the following adjectives into adverbs:

busy	like
true	gentle
accidental	shrill
formal	former

3. Draw a line through every vowel in the following sentence.

He preached a business sermon of absorbing interest.

4. From the following letters make twenty words ten of three letters each and ten of four letters each. Work just as quickly as you can:

R L G T A E

5. Write as many single-word answers to the following question as you can:

Are you fond of outdoor life?

6. After each of the following words, write a word of more than one syllable that means almost the same:

Praise	sight	face
deal	joy	state
kind	car	sound
true	part	strange

7. Complete each of the following everyday sayings:

Well begun.....

All the world's.....

God helps them.....

A soft answer.....

Whatever is worth doing....

A bird in the hand.....

The way of the transgressor.....

'Tis better to have loved and lost.....

He prayeth best who.....

FOREIGN TRADE.

There was a time when such a subject as foreign trade was looked upon by the average man as a very dry subject. Of recent years, however, and during the war, the realization that all nations are interdependent, has given a new impetus to the study of matters beyond the boundaries of one's own country. Books that have appeared lately on such subjects as commercial geography and foreign trade are usually so brightly written and so well illustrated that they are almost as interesting, even to the ordinary reader, as the latest "best seller."

A new book, "The Foreign Trade of the United States," has come from the press of Charles Scribner's

Sons, New York. The title is perhaps a little misleading as the substance of the book is by no means confined to the foreign trade of the U. S., but deals extensively with the foreign trade of many other countries, including Canada, Mexico, the United Kingdom, Japan, the West Indies, New Zealand, Australia, China, and the chief European countries.

Other matters which are very clearly explained are the exportation of raw materials and foodstuffs, marine insurance, financing export shipments, foreign exchange, the nature, purpose and growth of international trade, and the balance of trade. Our readers will be interested in the remarks of the writer of the introduction when he says:

"We must overcome our somewhat contemptuous ignorance of foreigners, which results simply from our inexperience with them. The great nations of Europe have, by the mere fact of contiguity, learned to adjust their points of view to those of foreign peoples. Our comparative geographical remoteness, partly, but even more, the nearly absolute economic independence conferred by a small population and great but undeveloped resources, freed us until recently from any pressure of necessity in this direction. Accordingly, we are too prone to ignore national differences; the little peculiarities of other peoples seem to us insignificant details, although in their effect on business relations they come to have a great importance."

There is interest, too, in a paragraph concerning Canada:

"Next to the United Kingdom, our northern neighbor has been our best customer. There are several distinct advantages in our trade with Canada. In the first place, proximity simplifies the trade between the countries; it is not at all difficult for our exporters to ascertain the needs of the Canadian market and to cater to those needs; on the other hand, we can obtain from Canada without trouble or delay those commodities of which that country produces a surplus and of which we stand in need."

The general interest of the book may be gauged from the author's opening paragraph in which, under the heading of "Occasion for Commerce," he says:

"The principle of barter is one that has its foundations in human needs, human desires, human ambitions. Even in the most primitive state of society, commerce in a restricted form exists. The Indian tribes of North America, long before they were brought into touch with the civilization of Europeans, exchanged wampum for pottery, ornaments, skin and foods. Savage tribes of remote regions, quite outside the sphere of the influence of civilization, invariably carry on some trade with neighboring tribes, not being willing to subsist on what they find at hand or on what they can produce."

The book is clearly printed, attractively and strongly bound, adequately indexed, and contains 325 pages.

THE CAUSES OF ACCIDENTS.

It is said that trifles make perfection but that perfection is no trifle. Similarly, it might be said that it is not in great disasters that the totals of serious accidents are built up, but rather in the unexpected misfortunes of the ordinary events of everyday life.

Statistics printed recently give the following as the principal causes of accidents on this continent:

Automobiles.....	28%
At home.....	26.5
Sports and recreation.....	14.4
Pedestrians.....	17.3
Travel.....	6.6
Miscellaneous.....	3.5
Horse and vehicles.....	2.4
Bicycles and motorcycles.....	1.3

Accidents at home, says the report, are the most consistent of all causes. Each year they swell the total. Some are fatal or serious, many are trivial but disabling. They are the old standbys.

Sports and recreations, next to automobiles, have shown the largest and most persistent increase in the records of accident claims. This reflects the more active outdoor life of the people.

1922.

It is the hope of the editor of this page that for our readers, and especially the young men, the year 1922 may be one of promise and fulfilment. Remember that when one has a half knowledge of a subject, it is the other half that really would be useful—and act accordingly.

ROYAL BANK IN STRONG POSITION

THE Annual report of the Royal Bank of Canada published in this issue will immediately establish increased confidence in the soundness and stability of this great banking institution.

The statement makes its appearance at a very opportune moment, as an analysis of the report shows that this bank has been able to come through a year of almost unprecedented deflation with an even stronger cash position.

A development that will be very gratifying to the shareholders is that the bank, in meeting the changed conditions, has fully maintained its strong position, by reporting liquid assets equal to 48.61% of total liabilities to the public. Included in the liquid assets are actual cash, as represented by gold, current coin, Dominion notes and balances due by other banks, equivalent to 29.69% of liabilities to the public.

Just how satisfactorily the Royal Bank has met the changed conditions is reflected by the statement of assets and liabilities, as of November 30th. Of total assets of \$500,648,429, liquid assets amount to \$222,603,630. Principal accounts among the liquid assets are Current Coin \$16,012,219, Dominion Notes \$28,540,559, United States Currency and other Foreign Currency \$29,912,018. Cheques on other banks \$21,594,382; balances due by other banks and banking correspondents, elsewhere than in Canada \$24,080,818; Dominion and Provincial Government securities \$24,050,584; railway and other bonds \$15,128,520; and total Call Loans of slightly over \$37,000,000.

Royal Has Met The Proper Needs For Its Clients.

At the same time, the Bank has looked after its full share of the business requirements of its customers as indicated by total current loans and discounts of \$252,561,644.

Deposits now total \$375,616,343, and of this amount deposits bearing interest stand at \$280,447,431, and deposits not bearing interest \$95,168,911. The paid-up capital is \$20,400,000, and during the year additions made to the Reserve Fund have also brought it up to \$20,400,000, at which figure it is equal to the Capital.

The advantages of the Canadian banking system have perhaps never before been so strikingly shown as during the deflation and readjustment period. The statements of the leading banks of the country would indicate that under the Canadian system the larger banking institutions of the Dominion have met the conditions arising from deflation in a more satisfactory manner than almost any of the larger institutions of the world. For a country in a state of development, as is Canada, such a record is a notable one. It is bound to result in Canadians having a greater appreciation of the constructive work being done by the banks, while in outside countries it will be a great factor of increased confidence in the fundamental strength of Canada's position.

THE JUVENILE ANATOMIST.

Definitions are difficult and often tedious, but when a child attacks one, the result is sometimes illuminating and delightful. Here is a recent attempt on the spinal cord.

A wavy line—my head sits on one end and I sit on the other.

EVERY PRECAUTION.

Nervous passenger (during the thunderstorm). "Ain't it dangerous to be on a street-car when it's lightning so?"

Calm passenger. "Not at all. You see the motor-man is a non-conductor."

The nervous one felt easier.

MUTUALLY HELPFUL.

"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"

"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."



The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th November, 1921

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:

Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$ 95,168,911.64	
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement.....	280,447,431.90	
		\$375,616,343.54
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....		31,290,337.14
Balance due to Dominion Government.....		23,160,749.32
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	\$ 2,426.04	
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the U.K. and foreign countries..	10,572,105.10	
		10,574,531.14
Bills Payable.....		4,733,607.59
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....		12,535,480.27
		\$457,911,049.00

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:

Capital Stock Paid-up.....		20,400,000.00
Reserve Fund.....	\$ 20,400,000.00	
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	905,044.98	
	\$ 21,305,044.98	
Dividends Unclaimed.....	11,630.77	
Dividend No. 137 (at 12 per cent. per annum), payable December 1st, 1921.....	610,623.00	
Bonus of 2%, payable December 1st, 1921.....	407,082.00	
		\$22,337,380.75
		\$500,648,429.75

ASSETS

Current Coin.....	\$ 16,012,219.57	
Dominion Notes.....	28,540,559.25	
United States Currency and other Foreign Currencies.....	29,912,018.81	
	\$ 74,464,797.63	
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	13,000,000.00	
Notes of other Banks.....	2,828,510.11	
Cheques on other Banks.....	21,594,382.76	
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada...	24,080,818.88	
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value....	24,050,584.08	
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	9,832,512.43	
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value....	15,128,520.60	
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	13,080,429.50	
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	24,543,074.57	
		\$222,603,630.56
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$163,017,459.32	
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest)	89,132,820.47	
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for).....	411,365.20	
		\$252,561,644.99
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	985,573.59	
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	10,627,758.86	
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	12,535,480.27	
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	985,000.00	
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	349,341.48	
		\$500,648,429.75

H. S. HOLT,
President

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

WE REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA:

That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank. That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1921, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches. That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank. That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us

S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A.,
W. GARTH THOMSON, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell and Co.
JAMES G. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons } Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 19th December, 1921

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1920.....	\$ 546,928.20	
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills.....	4,037,836.49	
		\$ 4,584,764.69

APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:

Dividends Nos. 134, 135, 136 and 137 at 12% per annum.....	\$ 2,436,488.67	
Bonus of 2 per cent. to Shareholders.....	407,082.00	
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund.....	100,000.00	
Written off Bank Premises Account.....	400,000.00	
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	203,154.04	
Transferred to Reserve Fund.....	132,995.00	
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	905,044.98	
		\$ 4,584,764.69

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit, 30th November, 1920.....	\$ 20,134,010.00	
Premium on New Capital Stock.....	132,995.00	
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.....	132,995.00	
Balance at Credit, 30th November, 1921.....		\$ 20,400,000.00

H. S. HOLT,
President

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager

Montreal, 19th December, 1921.



The Secret of the Stradivarius is revealed in this Piano

BEAUTIFUL tone that improves with age,—that is the secret which Owain Martin wrested from the ancient violins of Antonio Stradivari and embodied in the Martin-Orme Piano. In the "Violiform" (reg'd) plan of Sounding Board construction as used exclusively in the Martin-Orme, no flattening of those scientifically correct curves is possible. Consequently, the tone instead of deteriorating, becomes more beautiful as the wood mellow with age. Write for Catalogue and Particulars. THE MARTIN-ORME PIANO CO. LTD. Ottawa - Canada 35

MARTIN-ORME
THE CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE

Music in the Home

Plato and Modern Music

By Rev. E. H. Maddocks

In no section of the country is the perpetual modernness and universal appeal of Plato more completely apparent than in the section concerning the supreme importance of a musical education. In these unprecedented days the cry is constantly made that non-essentials must go, and quite often among the first of the so-called "non-essentials" is placed music. Yet this is contrary to the general experience of men. Music has been found in the past to be one of the most potent factors in promoting loyalty and courage, tranquillity and self-control, which are undoubtedly among the chief essentials in the heart of a nation. It was good to learn that Great Britain realized to some extent the importance of music during the war and recalled many of her musicians from the front to assist in the preservation of the public equilibrium at home.

Plato maintains that a musical education is of supreme importance "because rhythm and melody sink most deeply into the recesses of the soul, bringing gracefulness in their train," and leading their votary eventually to the love of the beautiful. This theory has its psychological basis in the general philosophy of Plato. For him the soul is essentially active and not merely receptive. This is clearly seen in the early assimilation of the soul to its environment. To a lover of music there seems to be no doubt as to the truth of Plato's dictum.

During the recent war, music dulled for those at home the horrors of war, and stirred the emotions of the men at the front to heroic deeds, just as Tyrtacus of old inspired with his lays the Spartans to victory in battle. Who can estimate the enormous power of La Marseillaise in its effect upon the Revolutionists, notwithstanding the fact that the words and the music were written in 1792 by a Royalist? Examples of an opposite nature are not wanting. It is a well-known fact that Napoleon had to forbid the use among the Swiss volunteers in his army of the quaint Swiss melody, "Ranz des Vaches" (merely a call to the cattle) because of the melancholy which it produced. Robert Service shows to us the subtle influence of music at the front when he speaks of the melodies most appreciated in the trenches during the war:

"Sae silvery sweet that we a' throng aroun',
And some o' it's gay, but the maist o' it's sad;
Just the wee simple airs that sink intae your hert
And grup ye wi' love and wi' longin' for hame."

Music is the art of expressing feelings and ideas through the medium of sounds and even apart from its association with words, is capable of portraying the emotions of gaiety, elevation, solemnity, melancholy or sadness. Literature may speak to the heart through the intellect, music knocks at "the portals of the ear," and thence permeates our whole being. This "sweet power of music" is acknowledged by Lorenzo in the Merchant of Venice when he says:

".....Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees,
stones and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature."

While acknowledging the great power of music Plato does not hesitate however to remind us that all music has not a good effect. Good music has the power of purifying and bracing the moral fibre while music of a different category undoubtedly tends to a breaking down of the moral fibre. Milton suggests the subtle influence of music when he writes in L'Allegro:

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,—
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Good music appeals to the primary affections and leads to a moral steadfastness and active energy of the will; poor music appeals to our lower emotions and leads to listless drifting and inertia of the will.

Plato limits the music to be allowed in the ideal state to the former kind, which he divides into two classes, one spirited, imitating the tones of men of courageous mood in adversity, and the other, tran-

quil, imitating the tones of temperate men in prosperity. In vocal music attention must be paid to the fact that the music should be composed to give expression to the poetry, not vice versa. Music should always be arranged so that the musical accent agrees with the rhetorical accent. The style and the words, on which so much else depends, are themselves "determined by the moral disposition of the soul."

In order to appreciate Plato's division we must apply it to the music of our own day. Among the spirited music, we could unhesitatingly place "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which Carlyle describes as the most stirring war-song ever written. "La Marseillaise," the battle-hymn of the Revolutionists, would occupy a prominent place here. The famous Austrian hymn, adapted and improved by Haydn from an old folk-song is another good example. The adoption by many countries, including America and Germany of the stirring melody of the British National Anthem, "God save the King," bears witness to the universal appeal which is made by music of this type.

Turning now to the tranquil type, we may notice with interest that the melody of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" has also been adapted to words of a tranquil nature in "The Land o' the Leal." That such an adaptation with good effect is possible is surprising until we remind ourselves that opposites often have a common origin. For example we are quite familiar with the saying that laughter and tears spring from the same source. Prominent among the tranquil melodies may be placed some of our most popular religious lyrics, as "Lead, Kindly Light," (particularly with the setting, Lux Benigna), "Jesu, Lover of my soul," (with the setting Hollingside,) and many of the old metrical versions of the Psalms. Nature Lyrics would be well represented by "Killarney," and "Afton Water" (with the setting by Hume). Under the head of Lyrics of love, friendship, and home, many of our choicest songs would find a place, particularly "Annie Laurie," "Mary of Argyle," and "Home, Sweet Home."

The power of music of these two types is inestimable. Since all true music ends in the love of the beautiful "he who has been duly nurtured therein will have the keenest eye for defects whether in the failures of art, or the misgrowths of nature; and feeling a most just disdain for them, will commend beautiful objects and gladly receive them into his soul and feed upon them, and grow to be noble and good." In this materialistic age, the influence of music should be particularly valuable in turning men's thoughts from the love of riches to the love of the beautiful, from the adoration of the material and the temporal, to the adoration of the spiritual and the Eternal.

THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE IS RIDING BY.

O the Queen in her carriage is passing by;
Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes like the sky;
Her wonderful teeth are white as new milk,
Her pretty blonde hair is softer than silk.

She's the loveliest monarch that ever was seen;
You ask of what country the darling is queen;
Her empire extends not to far distant parts
She's queen of our household, the mistress of hearts.

For sceptre she lifts her soft, dimpled hands;
Her subjects all hasten to heed her commands;
Her smile is bewitching, and fearful her frown,
And all must obey when he puts her foot down.

May blessings descend on the bright little head,
From the time she awakes till she's safely in bed;
And now do you guess, when I speak of the queen,
'Tis only our six-months'-baby I mean

MUSIC For All

WHAT is home without music? We want every Western Home to be a real home and are making special efforts this New Year to facilitate the purchase of Musical Instruments. PRICES HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY LOWERED from a year ago and EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT can now be arranged on practically all musical instruments in our Stock (except the least important, least expensive lines), we have—

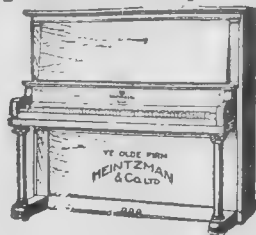
EVERYTHING IN MUSIC FOR YOUR NEEDS

PIANOS - PLAYER-PIANOS - PHONOGRAPHS
RECORDS - PLAYER ROLLS - ORGANS - VIOLINS
MANDOLINS - BANJOS - GUITARS - CORNETS
SAXOPHONES - FLUTES - ETC.

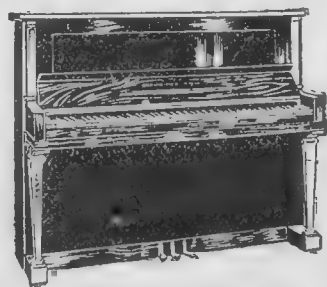
Together with the most complete stock in the west of SHEET AND BOOK MUSIC, TEACHERS' AND STUDENTS' SUPPLIES, etc. Write stating your requirements. Your satisfaction is sure when you deal with the old reliable House of McLean. The name has been your guarantee for nearly 40 years.

J. J. McLean & Co. Limited

The West's Greatest Music House
The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and the Victrola
Dept. W.
329 PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG



Buy Your Piano or Phonograph on Easy Terms



And at Rock-Bottom Prices

The satisfaction that comes from dealing with a house of outstanding reliability will be yours in making such an important purchase.

Our large volume of business enables us to surpass all competition in the matter of lowest possible prices and easy payment plans.

Make Your Selection From Such Well-Known Makes

PIANOS: Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Williams, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Karn, Morris, Doherty, Lesage, and Canada.

PHONOGRAPHS: Edison, Aeolian-Vocalion, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Starr Pathe, McLagan, Euphonolian.

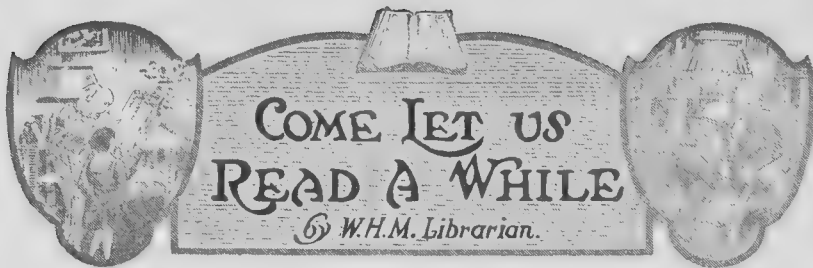
WRITE FOR CATALOGUES

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

BOYS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences; "Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure love and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love—this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy 'turn-out' bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl, may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother, in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time."

It is harder to bring up one child well than six. In a large family, the children help to bring up one another. It is not merely that the elder ones assist in taking care of the younger, but they all influence one another profitably in other ways; vanity is sometimes laughed into modesty, and arrogance is snubbed into humility. Each child is kept constantly in mind that others have rights, and feelings, and preferences, as well as himself; he forms the habit of considering those rights, feelings, and preferences; and he is thus prepared to "get along" as we say, with those among whom his lot is cast.



Such a lot of book news to pass on this month! Since writing to you the entire Dominion has been busy about books, about those who write them, those who sell them and those who read them. The last group, in my opinion, being by far the most important. For after all, the authors have the fun of writing them; but if they are not good books, what fun have poor readers got? Doubtless many of you have been reading in the newspapers of the Canadian Authors' Book Week. This went off in great style in Winnipeg and was the means of introducing book-loving folks to all the books written by Canadians. And a goodly array there was! Let me tell you briefly about some of the new novels written by Canadians whose names I am sure, are very familiar to you.

NELLIE McCLUNG

No need to introduce this noted Western Canadian. For many years Mrs. McClung has been known throughout the Dominion as an author, a public speaker and now a member of the Alberta legislature. She has written a new novel entitled "Purple Springs." You remember Pearl Watson in Nellie McClung's former novels? You meet little Pearl again in "Purple Springs" but this time she is big Pearl, a fascinating young lady of eighteen, at the beginning of her love romance with the Doctor. He, you will remember, was the idol of her childhood. You will enjoy this fascinating love story by one of Canada's most distinguished women.

THE EMPTY SACK

Basil King, a foremost Canadian writer, although he lives now in the States, has portrayed a Canadian family in his latest novel "The Empty Sack." This noted author is a man of very deep convictions and an idealistic turn of mind. He seldom writes without "a purpose." That is to say, his books usually bring us a message of hope and good cheer for those who live worthwhile lives.

"The Empty Sack" is the story of a Canadian family struggling to exist in a suburb of New York on a mere pittance. Because certain members of this family lack stability of character and have no understanding of a wealth that exceeds mere dollars and cents, there is great sorrow for their portion. But through suffering they come to realize a deeper meaning in life, and "The Empty Sack" is filled by a spiritual awakening. Like all of Basil King's books, this new novel makes one think.

THE GAUNTLET OF ALCESTE

Now for those who love a real thrilling mystery tale! Mr. Hopkins Moorhouse of Winnipeg has provided us with a breathless mystery which we read at one sitting, because it is too exciting to put down. At every chapter, one feels quite sure who did the murder. But not till the last page is the clever solution revealed. I am not going to say any more about "The Gauntlet of Alceste" for fear of spoiling your enjoyment in it. Mystery tales must not be "given away," because each reader likes to play detective for himself.

THE WINDOW GAZER

This is the title of a new novel by that clever woman who lives in Vancouver—Mrs. Isabelle Ecclestone Mackay. Her books are loved in every home where they find place and this new one will be no exception. Most love stories begin with the birth of love and then go to the marriage day. Mrs. Ecclestone's more original in "The Window Gazer." She begins with the marriage of Desire and Benis the Professor who do not seem to be in love at all. And then she shows us how, after marriage they fell in love!

GEORGE HAM'S BOOK

If you know anything about the development of Canada, then you know George H. Ham who for half a century has been closely connected with the C.P.R. Perhaps you've met him, talked to him. Then you know what a genial wit and

keen brain this great old gentleman has. To read his book "The Reminiscences of a Raconteur" is to risk laughing until your sides ache. It stands to reason that a man who has lived so active and full a life as George H. Ham and who can look backwards through fifty years and more (seventy if he remembers his babyhood!) must have much of value and fun to tell us about. This autobiography of his is packed tight with laughter intermingled with the wisdom of great experience.

A REGINA AUTHOR

Mrs. Lillian Vaux MacKinnon who lives in Regina, has written her first novel. It was published in time for Canadian Authors' Week "Miriam of Queen's" as it is called, is the story of University life at Queen's where Mrs. MacKinnon herself spent several happy years prior to her graduation. In this wholesome story, Mrs. MacKinnon has described life as it is lived by young people fortunate enough to go to a University. The life in the class-room, the social activities, the friendships, sports—all have a place in this book that will appeal more especially to girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty.

FOR YOUNG READERS

Children's books have lately received much attention and an entire week, prior to Authors' Week, was set aside by booksellers throughout the Dominion, for the displaying of the best books for children. Libraries arranged for talks about children's books by those who have made an especial study of this most delightful phase of bookdom. Many and very beautiful were the books displayed in Winnipeg at stores and libraries. Of course, viewed in one light, there is no great value to the fact that a book is "new." For the child not already acquainted with Alice, the two volumes "Alice in Wonderland and Alice Through the Looking Glass" will be just as acceptable in 1922 as it was to me twenty-five years ago! But on the other hand, if we as the public fail to give hearty welcome to new books, we will be responsible for the murder of much creative genius. Authors like ordinary human beings, need encouragement. Not much use to write a splendid book for children if parents say "Oh, we are satisfied to buy Water Babies, Peter Pan and all the fairy tales we had when we were young." So let us look into the pages of the new books with love and sympathy. Canadian from cover to cover is:—

THE TRAIL MAKERS' ANNUAL

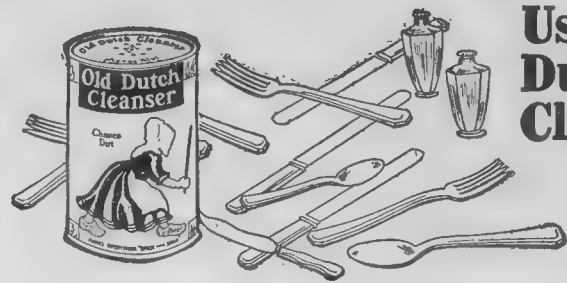
—a splendid, big, attractive volume for Canadian boys between the ages of about ten and sixteen. Canadian and British authors have contributed most enthralling tales, articles, illustrations, poetry etc. This fine Annual is printed and published in Toronto and is the only annual published in Canada for Canadian boys.

THE NEW "OZ" BOOK

I feel sorry for any little child who grows up without the companionship of the wonderful "Oz" books which delight all kiddies from eight to eighty! Each Christmas, for many years, the publication of a new "Oz" book has been an important event in scores and scores of homes. You should see the crowds of eager little readers, pushing their way into the public libraries and demanding "the new Oz book please." I read aloud "The Royal Book of Oz" as it is called, a few weeks ago to a lad of eleven. I really do not know who enjoyed it most. We both agreed it was the best ever!

Mrs. Chas. Dentith, Wartime, Sask.

I hope you received my answer to your letter which I mailed in the envelope you sent for the purpose. I am always glad to be of help to any of the readers of this magazine in the matter of choosing suitable books.



Use Old Dutch Cleanser

Clean and Scour

your cutlery with Old Dutch. Removes all stains and tarnish quickly—easily. Gives them a bright clean polish. Contains no caustic or acids.

Made in Canada

A Dinner Set

Every thrifty housewife, realizing the high cost of chinaware, will be interested in our offer of a

Combination Dinner and Tea Set

in return for 20 subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly

This set is made of the finest English semi-porcelain and the design is quite pretty.

Write for further particulars to

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

The Wonder Book of Crochet Patterns

Just published—a crochet pattern book of unusual value for beginners or experts. Contains full instructions for making corners and edges for luncheon sets, hot roll covers, plate, tumbler and tray doilies, breakfast sets, chair tidy, library table cover and beautiful designs in cross stitch.

64 Patterns--only 35c

Send 35 cents today and get your copy. Tells you just how to go about making these useful and artistic pieces. Contains the newest, simplest and most up to date patterns found in any ONE crochet book on the market.

No postage stamps accepted.

Boyd Import & Mfg. Co.

Stovel Bldg., Bannatyne Ave.

Winnipeg,

Man.

How About Your Subscription?

Reference to the address label on your magazine may show that your subscription has expired—or may shortly do so. The small sum of one dollar will insure uninterrupted service. *Do it now!*

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Classified

MISCELLANEOUS.

BE A DETECTIVE Great demand. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write Dept. 75, American Detective System, 1966 Broadway, N. Y. 1-22.

CATALOGUE 300 BARGAINS. 1 package Tomato Alacrity seed 10c. Cotton pieces 2 to 5 yards, assorted colors, 80c. per yard or \$3.50 for 5 yards. Great bargains and prompt deliveries. 4-22

MARVELLOUS OUIJA TALKING BOARD. Answers any question. 25c. postpaid. S. M. Nickerson, Dawson Street A., Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. 1-22

MUSIC The latest Song "When Nell Proposed", Send 25 cents to Patrick Devlin, Box 336, Penticton, B. C. 1-22.

FANCY SHELLED PEANUTS 4 lbs \$1.25 prepaid; Crisp, Crunchy, delicious. Great fun roasting them. Recipes for candies and salted peanuts included. Chesterfield Plantation 3, Norfolk, Virginia. 2-22

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it. Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. 1-22

"A RANCHER'S LIFE IN CANADA" and Guide to Rural Industrial Fruit Growing, also in keeping pigs, goats, hares, capons, geese, ducks, turkeys, pigeons, bees, flowers, and in incubating, feeding and brooding chicks, plant growing, etc., 25 cents post paid. Chas. Provan, Langley Fort, B. C. 4-22

FREE BOOK Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, New York. 2-22

WORK FOR THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT. Men women over 17. Big pay. Steady. Write immediately for free list positions frequently open. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-118, Rochester, N. Y. -122:

"HEAVEN AND HELL" and a real world beyond. Swedenborg's great work on the life after death, over 400 pages. Only 25 cents post-paid. W. J. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont. 1-22.

FOR SALE

SCHELTER'S GREAT DISPOSAL SALE of exhibition White and Buff Orpingtons. I herewith offer to my valued customers and public their last chance to purchase a pen or flock, or singly or breeders. Special prices on pullets and cockerels. Also three pairs of White Burningham Roller Pigeons at \$6.00 for the lot. C. Schelter, Fonthill, Ont. 1-22

CHOICE SILVER BLACK BREEDING FOXES Instructions furnished. Colin Reid, Bothwell, Ontario, Canada. 8-22

FOR SALE Pure bred Saanens. Mature bucks and buck kids, \$25.00 up. A deposit will hold the kids till weaning time. Leslie J. Marshall, Saan Ranch, Edson, Alta. 1-22

FOR SALE Choice silver black breeding foxes. Instructions furnished. Reid Bros., Bothwell, Ontario. 1-22

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENT to sell Dr. Bovel's Toilet Soap Toilet Articles. Home Remedies. Men or women can do this work and earn from \$25.00 to \$75.00 per week. Whole or spare time. Territories allowed. For further particulars apply Bovel Manufacturing Company, Dept., 28, Toronto, Ont. 1-22

AGENTS WANTED in every farming District. Very easy sales. Big income. Write today. "SIMPLEX," 424 Chambers of Commerce, Winnipeg. 4-22.

STAMPS

STAMPS 100 different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges, album, 15 cents; large packet, album, with war stamps, 25 cents; ask for bargain approvals we buy stamps; large lots; for spot cash. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto, Canada. 1-22

PATENTS.

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO. The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin St. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. 1-22

STAMMERING.

ST-STU-T-T-T-TERING and stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 109 Potomac Bank Building, Washington, D. C. 2-22

HONEY FOR SALE.

HONEY Clover \$10.00, Fruitbloom \$8.00 Buckwheat \$6.00. F. W. Krouse, Guelph, Ont. 1-22

CLOVER HONEY 60-lb. can \$11.30; two, \$22.00; mixed, \$9.00. R. E. Adamson, Mt. Elgin, Ont. 1-22

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS.

WANTED To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn. 3-22.

CALIFORNIA FARMS near Sacramento for sale. Easy terms, write for list. E. R. Waite, Shawnee, Oklahoma. 1-22.

WANTED TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, 14th. Street, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin 1-22.

HELP WANTED.

WOMEN—GIRLS. Become Dress-gown Designers. \$135 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. W-530, Rochester, N. Y. 1-22.



Knitted dresses for little girls as well as for the grown-ups seem to be here to stay. Here are two styles which may be followed quite easily. The one-piece dress is designed for a four-year-old and the knitted skirt and slipover a six to eight year girl.

KNITTED SKIRT AND SLIPOVER

SIZE 6 to 8 Years—Monarch Dove

14 Balls Old Rose
1 Ball White
1 Pair No. 8 Needles

SKIRT—Start at waist-line. Cast on 150 sts. Knit 2, purl 2, rib knitting for 2 inches, then increase 1 st. in every other st. across row giving 225 sts. on needle. Now knit 12 sts. purl 3 sts for 8 rows. On next row increase 1 st. in each of the 3 purl sts., giving you 6 purl sts. instead of 3 sts. Continue in rib knitting of knit 12, purl 6 till skirt is 16 inches long. Cast off very loosely. Sew up seam and run elastic through ribbing at waist.

SLIPOVER—**BACK**—Cast on 70 sts. Knit 10 ridges. Then in pattern as follows:—1 st row—Knit 3 purl 2. Repeat across row. 2nd row—Knit plain. Repeat these 2 rows till work measures 12 inches, then cast on sleeves 12 sts. at a time, 4 times each end of needle (48 sts. extra each end.) Knit 4½ inches. On following row—Cast off 18 sts. in centre for neck, then knit 6 rows for shoulder. On one side now knit front. Cast on 15 sts. at neck end. Knit for 4½ inches. Cast off sleeve same way as cast on. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then cast on 3 sts. in centre to bring pattern even. Knit sts. all on one needle. Knit same length as back. Cast off.

COLLAR—With White wool and wrong side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. around neck. Knit plain for 5 inches. Cast off.

CUFFS—With Old Rose wool and right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st. across sleeve. Knit 2, purl 2 rib knitting for 2 inches. Then knit 3 ridges White. Cast off.

Crochet loops around opening in front of Slipover.

Crochet chain of White wool. Lace through loops and trim with balls. Sew up seams neatly.

KNITTED ONE-PIECE DRESS

SIZE 4 Years—Monarch Butterfly

5 Balls of Champagne
1 Ball White
1 Pair of No. 7 Needles

BACK—Cast on 100 sts. Knit 3 ridges. 7th row—Slip 1, * wool over needle. Knit 2 sts. together. Knit 1 st. Repeat from * across row. 8th row—Knit plain. Repeat these 8 rows till work measures 16 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together across row, 50 sts. on needle. Knit 4 ridges. Then cast on 30 sts. for sleeve, 10 at a time, 3 times each end. Knit 16 ridges. Cast off 14 sts. for neck. On following row start front. Knit 12 ridges. Break wool. Repeat same for other front. Then cast on 16 sts. at neck. Knit all sts. on one needle. Knit 7 ridges, then cast off sleeve same way as cast on. Knit 4 ridges, then increase 1 st. in each st. across row. Knit in pattern same as skirt. Cast off.

CUFFS—With White wool and wrong side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each ridge across sleeve. Knit 2 ridges, 1 row holes, knit 2 ridges 1 row holes, knit 2 ridges. Cast off.

COLLAR—With White wool, cast on 34 sts. Knit in pattern same as cuff for 3 inches. On following row cast off 14 sts. in centre for neck. Knit on 10 sts. till same depth as neck. Break wool. Repeat same for other half. Then cast on 16 sts. at neck end. Knit sts. all on one needle. Knit for 3 inches. Cast off.

Sew up seams neatly. Sew collar to neck of dress.

OLD LADIES AND THEIR DRESS.

by Aunt Marjory.

Whoever can afford to be careless as to her looks, it is not the old lady. She, or all women under the sun, needs to be dressed like a picture. If possible the fabrics of which her gowns are fashioned should be rich and fine. Dark, plain colours made to hang in graceful, falling folds; a square of lace laid under the dress, so that a delicate white rim appears around the neck; a pretty, tasteful cap; and, if a shawl is worn, a knitted or crocheted one of grey or white, with a crimson or purple border, will make any old lady look lovely. There is a peculiar winning charm about the old age of a woman who has lived a sweet, refined, and useful life. It is as if the soul, jealous of the ravages which time had committed upon the body, were determined to assert its own superi-

ority, and shine forth in more than the beauty of youth. In a certain sense we all have it in our power to determine the appearance we shall present when we grow old. While we are young there may be those among our friends who are far handsomer than we; those who have more lustrous eyes, brighter bloom, more elasticity of step, and greater symmetry of figure. But these are charms which are often all transitory. The one immortal beauty which will grow superb as the outward fades is the beauty of the intellect and of the heart. Every time we conquer ourselves, every time we are brave in the face of discouragements, every time we are serene amid confusion and trustful under trial, we are gaining in that beauty of holiness which makes some aged faces glorious.

But even soul-beauty cannot quite atone for negligence and personal untidiness when one is old. The portrait needs a setting, and the setting should be a worthy one. I never hear an old lady say: "O, anything will do for me; I am past the age when my dress is of importance," without wanting to reply: "You are mistaken, dear madam. You, of all people, deserve the dignity that fitting garments confer, as a queen is entitled to her coronation robes." Young ladies should see that grandma's cap is not only put on straight, but that it is the fresh white, and dainty head-dress that grey hair needs. As the mother grows older the daughters should take upon themselves the thought for and of her which she once had for them.

Aged ladies should not hesitate to accept the privileges which the years have brought and laid at their feet. Let others undertake the difficult things and do the hard work. They have earned the right to the easiest chair, to the cosiest corner, to the best room in the house, and the choicest of everything. Leisure and luxury are appropriate to the evening of life. Those who can have them need suffer no pangs of conscience lest, in taking them, they are too self-indulgent. To those who cannot enjoy them there is possible, still, that measure of peace and content which God can give when he bids His servants sit in quiet patience to wait for His coming.

A NEW BEATITUDE

The Beatitudes bless a variety of different benefactors of humanity, but if we were allowed to add another beatitude we would say "Blessed is the man that speaks pleasantly, for he is the comfort of mankind." Some people are so painfully afraid of being called a flatterer or a "jollifier" or any one of a number of slang expressions that stand for insincerity that they never speak a word of appreciation and are quick to point out the faults. But we know a man who wherever you meet him, has something pleasant to say. If you are looking well, if you are wearing an article he admires, if you have done a piece of work which he approves, he has some little word of commendation that warms your heart.

And there are the people—may their tribe increase!—who will go out of their way to thank you for a little favour or to tell you when you have done a thing that pleases them. They are the salt of the earth, the ones who make life worth living and endeavour a thing worth while. The rightly constituted man or woman does not get puffed up at a word of praise, but instead is humbled by the vision of the high things which his friends expect, and joyfully bends his energies to make himself measure up to the height of their praise. Senseless flattery is the poorest thing on the market, but the man or woman with the kindly eye, who can see the good in the poorest thing, and who so delight to give joy that they make it a point to speak of that good, are lubricating the creaky, rusty old hinges of the world's affairs with the real oil of gladness.

I do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood—identity in these makes men of one country.

Coleridge.

WANTED
SONG POEMS & MELODIES
Submit Yours. We Help Publish. Piano, Orchestra and Band Arrangements Made. Music and Title Page Plates Supplied. Everything for Music.
Write To
HEARST MUSIC PUBLISHERS LTD.
WINNIPEG CANADA



A Thought for 1922.

"And still with every year
Love the Divine Road-maker
Works his will,
One perfect Road,
Which those who follow after
Shall find smooth,
And with more easy steps
Shall seek the Dawn."

Marguerite Bryant.

That Marriage Bureau.

Nellie L. McClung is home again after a very delightful stay in Britain. It was only possible for the writer to talk to her for a few moments as the writer came in from the south as Mrs. McClung was leaving for the west. Of course the daily papers have carried her explanations as to the much reported matrimonial bureau and as might have been expected it was no scheme of Mrs. McClung's, however in addition she has sent from Edmonton, the following copy of what she had said, for publication in the Quiet Hour, and I know that every reader who has been worried about these reports from the Old Country will be glad to read it.

This is what she has sent: "The scheme was not mine, it arose through the Mayor of Chester receiving sixty letters from men in Western Canada asking him to put them in touch with young women who would be willing to go to the Canadian west with matrimony in view. The Mayor (wise man) found this too big an undertaking and turned the letters over to a London Newspaper and this paper sent a reporter to interview me on the question. When asked as to my view I said from my personal knowledge, there was a little being done along that line by the Women's Institutes which had been called upon in one instance at least, to report confidentially on a young man who was in correspondence with the daughter of a member in the Old Country. There might be something done through the Women's Institutes, but I emphasized the fact that whatever was done must be done without publicity. A public matrimonial bureau would frighten the best people away. I did suggest that if anything along this line was started, the government might lend some financial assistance in order to make it possible for women to return to England, if, when they came to Canada and met the men with whom they had been corresponding, they felt that marriage would be not advisable.

The original report of the interview in the paper which sent its reporter to me was a correct report of what I had said, but before long the scheme had grown far beyond any suggestions which I had made, and I got credited with it in its entirety. From what I can gather, since my return, greater publicity has been given to the matter in Canada than in the Old Country."

Which, might be remarked in conclusion, is not surprising, as Canada is the country which would suffer if, even a comparatively small number, of women were brought out under any public marriage bureau scheme, as only women who were undesirable would dream of coming in any such way. Englishwomen of the desirable class would conclude, just as their Canadian sisters would conclude, that men who are not enterprising enough to find wives for themselves are not likely to prove very progressive in the matter of providing a good home for a wife who has been provided for them through the effort of someone else.

Canada can well do with more well informed, well trained Old Country women, who are willing to work, and there are a number of things for them to do, though not nearly the opportunity that there was three years ago. The temporary depression will pass, and with a return to a method of farming more nearly in accord with Ontario ideals, namely cows,

pigs and poultry on every farm, there will be more opportunities for women with that kind of training, from the Old Land, to get work.

If they come in that way, the opportunity for marriage is likely to come to them also, and if it does they can enter it from a dignified state of independence which will be a far better foundation for a new home than marriages arranged through a bureau.

Women in Parliament.

The recent general election emphasizes the fact that men do not want women in parliament and they intend to keep them out just as long as they can. There will be just as big a struggle to secure enough women in parliament to have an effective influence as there was to secure the vote, only it will be shorter.

Have women over the whole of Canada paused to think that neither of the old line parties found it convenient to nominate women candidates. We are not so familiar with the conditions in the east, but in the west we can think of a number of constituencies where either party might have chosen as candidates women with considerable experience in public affairs, with more education and with a better record for public service than the male candidates selected, but they were not asked. The new Progressive Party did not progress very far in this particular. The one woman elected is a Progressive, but among Progressives, why only one? It is not a case of being nominated and being defeated it is a case of not being nominated.

If men of the Progressives believe in equality of the sexes as much as they would feign make woman believe they do, they of all people were the ones to set an example in this respect and they certainly had splendid timber for the making of candidates in many of their constituencies, especially as they seem to be able to secure a great deal of solidarity of vote for "United Farmer Candidates," for that is what Progressives really are, when all is said and done, they could undoubtedly have elected women candidates had they nominated them.

Women running as independent candidates have very little chance of election, but women voters should realize that women running as independents are doing them a service, even though they may not feel called upon to vote for them if running in their particular constituency, because they go, in many cases to so split the vote, that the least wanted candidate will get in, at least that seems to have been the result in the past where three or four candidates were running. This may arouse party men to the need of nominating women as party candidates. Of course with proportional representation it would be different, and under that system, if nominated and running as independents, women would have more chance of getting in.

The very real danger, however, which lurks in this unexpressed but nevertheless strong determination on the part of men to keep women out of parliament, is that if persisted in, it will inevitably develop a "Woman's Party," and increase the feeling of sex antagonism which is, unfortunately, developing to a very considerable extent in Canada and is already a menace in Great Britain.

Thoughtful women, with the good of the nation at heart, want no such thing as a "Woman's Party" all they desire is a sufficient representation of the rights and needs of women and children in the legislation of the country. But as there are all types of men voters there are all types of women voters, and there are many women, even in Canada, who lean to the idea of "Women's Party" in politics, and at present the men, unconsciously no doubt, are doing their little best to foster the spirit which will flame

Continued on page 36

It is Worth While Insisting On "SALADA"

TEA

All the natural fragrance and purity of the leaf is preserved in the sealed aluminum packet.

H292

TRY IT TODAY—YOU WILL LIKE IT.

BLACK TEA

Rich, Satisfying Flavour. From the finest gardens.

MIXED TEA

Just enough green tea to make the blend delicious.

GREEN TEA

A Revelation in Green Tea. Pure, translucent and so Flavoury.



Everywoman's Dream Complexion

—A skin as soft as velvet, without a blemish, tinted lily-white with soft peach-like shading.

There have been, and there still are, thousands of women with skin and complexions like that—their dream has become a reality through the use of

"BLUSH OF ROSES"

a liquid preparation that is a tonic to the skin and a toner to the complexion. It is more effective than powder in removing the shine, and, unlike powder, does not clog the pores. The color it gives the complexion is a natural one.

"Blush of Roses" will positively remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Moth-Patches, Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

FOR TRIAL, a full-sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c.

Address: LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont. Also for sale by

Leading Druggists Everywhere

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.



HOT CEREALS FOR COLD DAYS

Cereals should form the bulk of our diet. They include not only the breakfast porridges, but breads of all kinds, macaroni and other pastes, and desserts made from starches and grains. Our markets supply considerable variety, among them being those known as the breakfast cereals, rice, barley, corn starch, tapioca, sago, potato flour, arrow-root, sea moss farina, hominy, samp, macaroni, spaghetti, and vermicelli. They are among our cheapest foods and are rich in starch, minerals and vitamins.

Breakfast cereals should be cooked long enough to develop the flavor and to insure the proper cooking of the starch granules, well seasoned, and served with rich milk. Fruit is often a welcome addition. Sometimes variety may be secured by mixing two or three kinds of cereal.

Time Table for Cooking Cereals

Rolled Oats	1 hour
Pettijohn's	45 minutes
Wheatena	1 hour
Farina	1 hour
Cream of Wheat	1 hour
Malt	1 hour
Rice	20 to 30 minutes
Hominy	2 hours
Barley	2 hours
Cracked Wheat	3 hours
Corn Meal	3 hours

Abbreviations "T" Teaspoon; "Tb" Tablespoon; "C" Cup.

Fried Mushes

Pack any left over cooked cereal, corn meal, hominy, etc., in greased pans of any desired shape, baking powder cans are good—and cover to prevent a crust forming. When moulded, cut in one-third inch slices, dip in flour, and saute in a frying pan, being careful not to burn them. Serve hot in syrup. In cooking the cereal expressly for frying, use less water, when it will be unnecessary to dip the slices in flour.

A little cooked left-over meat may be finely chopped and added to the cereal before it cools. This makes a good supper or luncheon dish.

Rice Creole

Butter 3 tb.	Rice 1 c.
Highly seasoned Pimientos.	
stock, 2 1/4 c.	Creole Sauce

Melt butter in the frying pan, add the rice, and stir constantly till the rice is well browned. Add to the stock which has been heated to the boiling point in the double boiler, and cook till the rice is soft. Place on a serving dish, cover with creole sauce, and decorate with pimientos cut in fancy shapes.

Creole Sauce

Butter 3 tb.	Chopped green pepper, 2 tb.
Chopped onion, 2 tb.	Chopped red peppers or pimientos, 1 tb.
Flour, 2 tb.	Salt and pepper.
Tomatoes 2 c.	

Cook the butter, onion, green and red peppers together for five minutes. Add the flour, tomatoes and salt to taste.

Turkish Pilaw

Rice, 1/2 c.	Cold cooked chicken
Stewed tomatoes 1/2 c.	
1/4 c.	Highly seasoned stock 1 c.
Butter 3 tb.	

Combine the tomato and stock, heat to boiling point, add the rice, and cook till it is soft. With a fork stir in the butter and the chicken cut in dice.

Baked Hominy

Hominy 1 c.	Salt 1 t.
Milk, 5 c.	Eggs 2

Wash the hominy well and cook in the double boiler in the scalded milk till it is soft. Cool slightly, add the beaten eggs and salt, and beat vigorously. Put in a buttered baking dish and bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve as a vegetable or for a supper dish. Canned hominy may be used.

Baltimore Samp

Samp, or pearly hominy, is made from corn, the germ and outer coat being removed. Hominy grits are made by grinding the samp to various degrees of fineness.

Samp, 1 c.	Milk, 1 2/3 c.
Butter 2 tb.	Salt 1 t.
Flour, 2 tb.	Grated cheese, 1/4 c.

Wash the samp well, soak overnight in 4 cups of water, bring to the boiling point, then cook thoroughly. The water should be all absorbed. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk, salt and cheese, stirring till the cheese is melted; add the samp and serve as a vegetable or for a supper dish.

Hominy Meat Cakes

Cooked hominy grits, 2 c.	Salt.
Cooked meat, 1/2 c.	Pepper
Mixed onion, 1 tb.	Milk or stock to moisten.

Form into cakes; brown in fat or brush with fat and brown in the oven.

Rice and Salmon Croquettes

Cooked rice, 1 c.	Minced parsley 1 tb.
Salmon or other fish, 1 c.	Thick white sauce, 1 c.
(cooked or canned).	Salt.
ed).	Pepper.

Mix the ingredients, form into croquettes, dip in eggs and crumbs and brown in the oven.

Scalloped Barley With Tomato

Cooked barley 2 c.	Chopped onion, 2 tb.
Cooked tomato, 1 c.	
Salt.	Fat, 2 tb.
Pepper.	Flour, 2 tb.

Melt the fat, stir in the flour and seasoning, add the tomato and onion, and cook till thick. Arrange in a baking dish alternate layers of barley and sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

Macaroni With Peanut Butter

Macaroni, 1 c.	Peanut butter, 4 tb.
Milk, 2 c.	(or to taste)
Butter, 2 tb.	Salt.
Flour, 2 tb.	Buttered crumbs.

Break the macaroni in pieces, cook in rapidly boiling salted water till soft. Drain and wash off with hot water to prevent the pieces from sticking together.

Noodles

Beat four eggs slightly, add 2 teaspoons salt and flour to make a stiff dough. Knead on a slightly floured board, roll as thin as paper, cover with a towel and let it stand for 20 minutes. Cut in fancy shapes, and dry thoroughly. Use as macaroni.

Tomato Pilaw

Rice, 1 1/4 c.	Bacon 1/4 lb.
Tomatoes, 2 c.	Onion, 1 small
Salt.	Pepper.

Fry the bacon and onion together. When the bacon is done, add the tomatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Cook a few minutes, then add the rice and cook till it is soft.

Golden Corn Cake

Cornmeal, 1 c.	Salt 1/4 t.
Flour, 1 c.	Milk, 1 c.
Sugar 1/4 c.	Egg, 1
Baking powder 5 t.	Melted butter, 2 tb.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients; add the milk, well-beaten egg and melted butter. Bake in buttered muffin pans in a hot oven for twenty minutes, or it may be baked in one shallow pan.

Corn Breakfast Muffins

Yolks of eggs, 3.	Soda, 1 t.
Buttermilk, 2 c.	Salt, 1 t.
Cornmeal, 1 1/2 c.	Baking powder 1 t.
Flour 1/2 c.	
Melted butter, 2 tb.	Sugar, 2 t.

Beat the egg yolks very light, add the buttermilk, alternately with the dry ingredients sifted together. Stir in the



melted butter and bake in well greased pans shaped like ears of corn.

Southern Batter Bread

Cornmeal, 1 c.	Eggs, well-beaten, 3.
Boiling water 1 c.	Baking powder, 2 t.
Salt, 1/2 t.	Milk, 1 1/2 c.

Cooked rice, 1 c. (or 1/4 c. extra cornmeal)

Scald the meal with the boiling water, add the other ingredients in order. Bake in a buttered baking dish till firm like baked custard. Serve hot from the dish with butter or gravy, in place of a vegetable or as a supper dish, or with syrup.

Rice Griddle Cakes

Use cooked rice or sago or tapioca as part of the thickening in making pancakes or waffles.

Date Cereal Pudding

Cold cooked cereal, 2 c.	Sugar 1/2 c.
Hot milk, 1 qt.	Salt 1/2 t.
Eggs, well-beaten, 2.	Cinnamon, 1/2 t.
	Nutmeg, 1/4 t.
	Dates, 1/2 package.

Add the milk gradually to the cereal, beating constantly. Cool, add beaten eggs, sugar, spices and dates (or raisins may be used) which have been washed, stoned and cut in pieces.

Richelieu Rice

Rice, 1/2 c.	Egg yolks, 2.
Boiling water, 1 c.	Butter, 1 tb.
Milk, 3 c.	Raisins, 1/2 c.
Sugar, 1/2 c.	Candied orange peel 2 tb. (chopped)
Salt, 1/2 t.	

Wash the rice, add to the boiling water in which have been put the salt and butter. Boil one minute. Add to the hot milk in the double boiler and cook till the rice is soft. Add sugar and fruit and cook a few minutes longer. Add the well-beaten egg yolks, stirring with a fork. Put in molds which have been dipped in cold water. Chill, and serve with plain cream or soft custard sauce.

Pompadour Rice

Rice, 1 c.	Canned pineapple, 1/2 can.
Whipping cream, 1 c.	Powdered sugar, 1/2 c.

Boil rice in hot water carefully, keeping kernels unbroken. Drain, pour cold water through to prevent packing while cooling. Cut pineapple in shreds. Beat cream stiff. Fold the cream and pineapple carefully into the rice; chill, pile in individual glasses, with a candied cherry on top.

Caramel Tapioca

Tapioca, 1/2 c.	Figs, 1/2 c.
Brown sugar, 1 c.	Chopped nuts, 1/2 c.
Salt, 1/2 t.	
Vanilla, 1 t.	Water, 1 qt.

Wash the figs, soak in water overnight. Cut in small pieces and bring to a boil in the water. Add the tapioca, salt and sugar, and cook till the tapioca is clear and the figs soft. Add the broken nut meats and vanilla. Chill, serve with whipped cream. The tapioca may be soaked with the figs to shorten the time of cooking.

Chocolate Tapioca

Tapioca, 1/2 c.	Chocolate, 2 tb.
Cold water, 1 c.	Egg whites, 2.
Boiling water, 2 c.	Vanilla, 1 t.
Sugar 2/3 c.	Salt, 1/2 t.

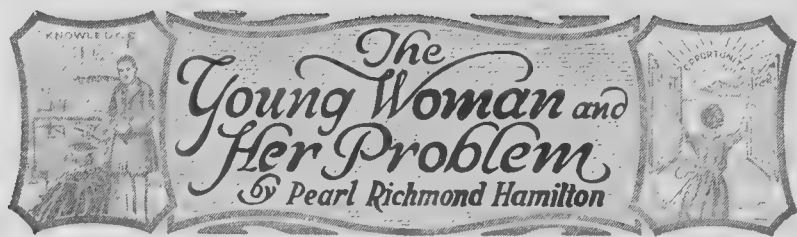
Soak the tapioca in the cold water. Add to the boiling water and cook till transparent. Add salt, sugar and chocolate or cocoa, and cook 15 minutes longer. Remove from fire, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, add the vanilla, and chill.

Corned Tongue

Wash and trim out the roots of one or more fresh beef tongues. Put them into a stone jar, cover with the brine, lay a plate over the meat and on this a stone to keep the meat under the brine. Cover securely, keep in a cold place and in a week they will be ready for use, although they will keep in the brine for several weeks in cold weather.

Brine for Corning

Put two quarts of water, three quarters of a pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a fourth of an ounce of saltpetre together into a granite saucepan and heat to boiling. Cool and strain through a cheesecloth. Pour it over the meat and add a teaspoon of pepper, half a teaspoon of ginger, three bay leaves and two cloves of garlic. This amount of brine is sufficient for half a dozen tongues. Calf tongue may be corned in the same way and if desired, a piece of beef may be corned in the same brine with the tongues.



THE LIBERTY OF THE MODERN GIRL

A convention of one hundred and fifty women chosen from every state in the U.S. recently met at their first annual convention in New York. This organization is known as the World Service Council and was formed to co-operate with the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association. At this convention Mrs. Speer the President of the Board said in her address, "not in terms of any locality, but in terms of girls—girls of every race and creed, of their demand upon us, of the help that we can and must give them—We are dedicated to the service of young women, and there never has been a time when we needed to take this dedication more seriously, for the liberty of the modern girl has exceeded her resources." In that last clause the Girl Problem of today is clearly expressed. Service to young women means more than sitting with a group of other women at a Board meeting. It means more than hiring paid workers. All this is important—it is highly necessary and the results are far reaching. But a dedication to the service of young women means personal service—real heart to heart friendship—not patronizing encouragement—nor charity—girls resent both. There is nothing in this big wide world that girls crave so much as honest, sincere friendship. I believe in the strength of the modern girl. She means right. It is true she has liberty, but she needs personal guidance to develop her resources.

Her faith in false friends is the outstanding tragedy in her life today. Every normal girl wants friends.

What a constructive force of character strength would build our social life of today if every girl had a good sincere Christian woman friend! And this is possible. Take for example one town. Suppose every girl in the place had one good woman friend—would that town not be known far and wide as an ideal place in which to live? Would the population not increase in the number of families coming in from other places? Would anything so much establish added commercial value?

I have in my mind a town where women gossip and girls madly rush into danger and nearly every inhabitant says the town is no good. Many, many girls fail in life through gossip from older women. Community Builders think of this! Let everyone who reads this determine to place her home community on the map—one woman—one girl—may have will enough to start a heart to heart work in her neighborhood. Determine to listen to no gossip that will injure another. As I have stated before it is a spiritual crime to slander another. It does more injury than anything else. Everyone of us hungers for kindness—for encouragement—without realizing it I am urging a New Year's resolution.

Let every woman of us take a personal interest in these lovely girls about us—they respond with a wonderful wealth of love and character strength.

A Placement Officer

A placement officer for teen age girls in the junior branch of Employment Service of Canada has been appointed recently by the government. It is with great satisfaction that we learn of Miss Helen Davison's appointment to this position in the Winnipeg branch. She has had splendid training for this work and is a young woman of broad sympathy and intelligent understanding of girls. Miss Davison will have charge of the employment of girls who are from 14 to 18 years of age. She will interview the applicants, obtain their home and school records, and place them to the best advantage for all concerned. Miss Davison will follow them up in their work and her method in the past proves she is a Big Sister to every girl who needs her.

Women in New Professions

In these days when women are looking here and there for opportunities it is in-

teresting to learn of Miss Frances Johnston who "dug success out of the ground." Her hobby was the camera. She developed this until she could take such perfect pictures of gardens that she has received many awards from the U.S. and other foreign governments. She has been decorated by the French government.

She personally visits beautiful gardens, photographs them, reproduces the colored pictures of slides, interests the women in gardens, and by showing them what some other woman has done brings suggestions from various sections of the country to the women in her audience. She interests women in the possibilities of their own gardens, even though they be small patches of ground. She urges the protection of wild flowers and her pictures of back yards "Before and After" are an important factor in city and country improvement.

Another field that women are invading is the building of roads. Numerous women are now engaged in highway construction. At the good roads congress to be held in Chicago, during the month of January several women will attend. Dr. Jennie C. Murphy who is the only street commissioner in the world will be there. She has held this position at Yankton, S.D. for several years.

Mrs. Axel Hohm who is a "contractor" has just completed a four and one half mile part of the great Mississippi Valley scenic highway from New Orleans to Canada. She superintends a gang of fifty-seven workmen. She also looks after the machinery and teams. Her daughters keep her books.

Miss Eva Cressey of Everett, Mass. is general manager of the Cressey Contracting Co. Her machines for spraying oil are used in many states.

Miss H. M. Berry of Chapel Hill, N.C. who as secretary of the North Carolina good roads association, did most to "put over" the \$50,000,000 bond issue for new roads in her state.

Katherine F. Butterfield, a high-school student at Weiser, Idaho won the Firestone good roads essay college scholarship last year and received her certificate from Pres. Harding.

Dr. Lou Alta Melton is the only woman bridge engineer in the states. She is employed in the U.S. federal government. While we are on this subject we think of a Canadian woman who has been editor of the Municipal News for several years—Miss Nan Moulton.

Why Styles Have Changed

An article recently published states that the move of the world's fashion centre from Paris to London is due to the introduction by Parisian designers of eastern modes more fitted for the harem than the refined woman's home, or the social circles of Great Britain or America. This caused a revolt among the well dressed of London, so they began to design their own dresses. Formerly fashion was created for society by the dressmaker. Now fashion is created by society for the dressmaker. Today London is inundated with orders from North and South America, Australia, India and other places which formerly relied upon Paris.

Paris is now establishing branches in London and is sending buyers to London for attractive styles for sale in Paris. These signs are now in Paris windows: "London Style," "Drap Anglais," and "Costume Anglais."

A great educational movement has been launched to encourage London fashion designing and artistic millinery and dress-making are included in the schools, and graduates are placed in the leading business houses there.

It seems to me the average girl and woman we see today is sensibly dressed—low-heeled boots, high over-shoes and dresses are no longer low-necked but comfortable. They are not transparent. On the whole was there ever an age when women were so well and sensibly dressed? Of course there are exceptions in every age and we have silly ones who still wear

Spreads like butter"

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

HAS a flavor all its own. No other cheese has quite the same delicious tastiness that is at the same time mild and pleasing and zestful.

"Can be used in a hundred different ways"

The fragrance appeals to the palate—
Gold Standard Tea
 The price appeals to the purse— 29

5 LBS. NET WEIGHT

GREEN PLUME BRAND

DRIED FRUITS

FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

California's best Peaches, Pears, Prunes, Apricots, Figs and Raisins—retaining all their natural flavor and freshness—in the original 5 lb. sealed carton. Ask your dealer for "Green Plume" 15

evening dress in offices and on the street, but after all they are really very few compared with the average. Business girls on the whole are sensible enough to realize that managers like the simple appropriate modest dress suitable for office wear.

The up-to-date dress today is modest, comfortable and pleasing to the eye and we think great credit is due to the change of the style centre.

The Girl in Canada

The writer of this page is anxious for suggestions of subjects that will interest our readers. We feel that our girls in Canada are a most important factor in the success of constructive nation building. Let us hear from many this month and begin the New Year with a discussion of real live girl problems.

There is a new Canadian Women's Magazine—named **National Life**. In the November number an editorial mentions the splendid work of the Girl Guides. We know the organization is strong in the West. Let us hear from some of our Girl Guides. Other branches might be formed in this way.

During the month of August Guides from all parts of Canada meet in Toronto to take tests for their diplomas. Candidates were required to reach a standard of 80 per cent in public speaking, in knowledge of any branch of Nature Study and the ability to teach it, in drill, in physical exercise etc.

The value of this training is being recognized as employers are asking for Guides

as workers. They say they are alert, efficient and well poised. This goes to prove that today is a survival of the fittest. Let us hear from many girls this month.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH OVER

A little girl who had been besieging her grandfather with an endless succession of questions during the evening, says the London Morning Post, had still one more question to ask before she went to bed.

"Grandad," she said, "were you in the ark?"

"Why, no!" he exclaimed smilingly. "Then," said she, regarding him with innocent wonder, "why weren't you drowned?"

FOLLOWING THE RECEIPT.

Mrs. Marsh took a bite of the cake, and laid it down hastily.

"Norah," she said, "did you follow the receipt, or do as you usually do and guess?"

"Sure, mum, I followed the receipt, only I put in six eggs instead of four, because two was bad, and I wanted to even 'em up."

AN INSPIRED DEFINITION.

A teacher was reading to her class, Reedy's Mirror tells us, when she came to the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew the meaning. One little girl timidly raised her hand and offered the following definition:

"It's what you put on first and take off last."



24

'Don't scold the cook' Say "Gold Standard" The - Chaffless - Coffee, "to your grocer and insist on getting it.

The Bodville Co. Ltd

Catalogue Notice

Send 20 cents in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1921-1922 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING. ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

LEARN DRESSMAKING AT HOME

We have a complete course of 20 lessons on Dress-making. These lessons teach how to cut, fit and put together waists, sleeves, coats, skirts, children's dresses, etc. You can learn at home in spare time. Cut down the high cost of living by making your own garments. If you do not wish to be a professional dress-maker, the cost to learn is so small that it will pay you to take this course if only to do your own sewing. Write for free booklet which gives full information and terms. ELLISON DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL, Dept. H, Kitchener, Ont.

JAEGER

(Fine Pure Wool)

Protects Kiddies From Chills

Jaeger contains warmth with a minimum of weight. Children who wear Jaeger Woollen Garments can enjoy their games and yet be protected from chills. Why not adopt this method of making the kiddies healthy and comfortable?



A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

The JAEGER CO., Limited

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

The newest style notes for the coming season, are expressive of smart simplicity, appropriate decorations add their charm, and trimmings provide unique effects.

Styles for day wear and those for sports uses are practical and comfortable.

In the vanguard of Fashion's promenade, one sees, capes over sleeveless dresses, knicker costumes with cape or jacket, chemise and coat frocks, the pinched in waist and full skirt, the long waisted dress with wide sleeve all different, and yet all harmonious.

Very useful semi-sports suits, show long jackets and straight skirts.

Street dresses assume unusual distinction with novel collar and blouse arrangements.

Box coats with fulness over the shoulders, are youthful and becoming to slender figures.

Both classic and Spanish effects are featured on evening gowns, gold and color are harmoniously blended, and brocades and chiffons blend beautifully.

Skirts with uneven hems are seen every where: sometimes the effect is achieved with panels, or lengthened side gores and again bands of trimming or material are used to simulate the short and long of it.

Black is still the strong color of the season. Black Canton crepe is attractive with a trimming of silver braid. Black chiffon velvet may be embellished with emerald green satin crepe.

Heavy French knots in gray wool make an effective trimming for a dress of black crepe de chine.

Fawn color French serge and black charmeuse go well together. Brocaded satin and black faille are a good combination.

Red and orange always combine well with black, and white and black is always good.

A very rich long coat may be evolved from black Bolivia cloth, with a trimming of lynx fur on collar and cuffs.

The new wide sleeve is "just the thing" for remodeling a waist or dress of last season. One style of the sleeve may serve for lengthening and widening the very short sleeve of last season another may be used on any plain sleeve in the form of a wide cuff.

Girdles made of the same material as the dress or blouse are in vogue. A pretty girdle may be made of silk or crepe de chine, with the edges picoté; the girdle to be two inches wide and slip through a buckle or ornament made of cardboard and covered with the silk.

Fagotting makes a pretty finish for a collarless neck. Picot too is attractive, as is also a very narrow binding of the material.

The separate blouse like the separate skirt has made a place for itself in the world of fashion.

Very stylish is the tunic blouse made with easy fitting lines and boat neck. One may have this model with high neck or shaped collar.

Equally attractive are the new "over the skirt" or peplum blouses, some with collarless neck and wide sleeve, others with flare sleeve or one in peasant style.

There is also the ever popular "tuck in" blouse which is popular for business wear in tailored style.

A new sports blouse is made with a rolled collar, and short sleeves finished with French cuffs. The front of the blouse is plain and loose; the back has a box plait over the centre.

Although the straight line dresses are very popular, the youthful bodice like waist and spreading skirt is much in favor among young girls and women with slender figures.

Panel effects and a wide sleeve on a dress make it distinctively French; of course the sleeve must be of Georgette.

For Winter tailored lines the coat frock is a happy inspiration, it makes a smart street dress and may be made to hang straight or with blouse effect.

For the school girl who loves pretty dresses—the jumper frock will be very attractive. The changes one may have in the guimpe to wear with such a dress are inviting. Wool jersey, tricotine and serge are nice for such dresses, while crepe, or pongee is good for the guimpe.

At nursery age rompers are always comfortable and desirable. One in "peg-top" style with roomy pockets will please any little boy or girl.

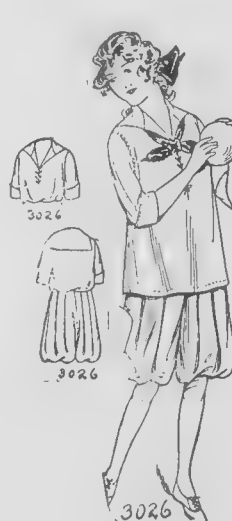
Straight lines, and wide sleeves are not alone for "grown-ups". Little girls dresses are made in the same fashions as those for her elder sisters.

It is a pretty fashion of today to trim childrens dresses with motifs and pockets in the shape of flowers and toys.

Quaint yoke dresses embellished with smocking are worn over bloomers or "panties." These dresses are being made very short, and the undergarment rivals the "knickers" style for women.

That Fashion takes an interest in kitchen "wear" is evidenced by the many attractive aprons and house dresses that are shown. A one-piece house dress with front closing and a comfortable $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeve has much in its favor. Then there is the "ship-on" apron dress with kimono sleeve, that is neatly belted at the waist line.

Very serviceable and comfortable for wear with a costume blouse is the camisole slip. It may be of a contrasting color or white. It has the same slender lines that the blouse has, and usually takes the place of an underbody. It is good to wear under any dress.



A Combination of Comfort, Practical Style, and Utility—3822-3795-3838—What could be more desirable for sports use or general wear, than a suit as here depicted. Comfortable knickers to which a simple blouse is joined, and over which a smart skirt is buttoned, topped by a jaunty jacket, with a convertible collar, and neat pockets. Not only for golf and other sports are the knickers popular, they are filling a long felt want in general dress lines. The Skirt may be finished with a "button closing" in front, or only trimmed with buttons. Any blouse may be used with the "knickers" in place of the one attached, and the knickers are "good" to wear with any skirt or one piece dress. Serge, velours, duvetyne or gabardine may be used for all models illustrated, or blouse and bloomers may be of silk, satin or crepe and skirt and jacket of wool or cloth, velvet or ratine.

The skirt, 3795 is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, and 36, waist measure. The width at the foot is 2 yards. The Jacket 3838 in 7 sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. To make this suit for a medium size will require 5 yards of 44 inch material for the skirt, and jacket. The blouse, will require 2½ yards, and the knickers 2½ yards of 36 inch material.

This illustration calls for THREE separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

Some New Things for the Baby—2186—Infant's Set, consisting of a Cap, a Sack, a Night Gown and a Dress.

Muslin, cambric, flannel or flannelette will do nicely for the night gown, while lawn or nainsook is suitable for the dress, with embroidery, tucking and lace or edging for decoration. The sack will look well in silk, cashmere, flannel, or flannelette, and the cap is suitable for lawn, silk or "allover" embroidery. For the dress of flouncing, it will require 1½ yards of 36 inch material with 1½ yards of plain material for yoke and sleeves. Of nainsook or lawn 36 inches wide it will require 2½ yards. The gown will require 2½ yards of 24 or 27 inch material. The cap ½ yard of 18 inch material. The sack requires ½ yard of 27 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Unique "Jumper" Style—3810—Very charming and withal up-to-date is this attractive design. The simple lines will appeal to all home dressmakers. The sleeve may be finished without the puff. This style is good for jersey, tricotine, serge, satin, velvet, duvetyne, changeable taffeta, gabardine and broad cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It will require 2½ yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe, 4¾ yards for the dress for a medium size. The width at the foot is 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Straight Line Frock—3837—There are no boundaries to smart versions of this popular style. In this instance the model simulates attractive redingote lines. The effect is becoming to slender as well as mature figures. Tricotine and satin could be here combined, or velvet and satin. Velvet with braiding would be nice, or broad cloth, with bands of kimmer.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The width at the foot is about 2 yards. To make the dress for a 38 inch bust measure, will require 4¾ yards of 40 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Serviceable Model, Girl's Gymnasium Suit—3026—Comprising a smart Middy Blouse which may be finished to the waistline only, and a pair of comfortable, neat bloomers, cut with ample fullness. For the blouse, one could use madras, linene, linen, serge or flannel. For the bloomers, serge, cashmere, brilliantine or sateen is desirable. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 27 inch material for the Blouse and 3¾ yards for the Bloomers, for a 12 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Jaunty Frock for the Growing Girl—3832—Simply made and finished with artistic embroidery, this model cannot fail to please any girl in her "teens." In velveteen, serge, or wool jersey it will be serviceable and quite smart. The closing is under the left side of the flat panel. This is a splendid design for the use of two materials.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 12 year size will require 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Suit Style for the Small Boy—3827—The blouse suit is the one most universally becoming to the little fellow. This model has a smart inserted pocket and a pleasing collar. The style is good for serge, twill, mixtures, corduroy, khaki, and also for wash materials such as gingham, drill, seersucker, galatea and linen.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 3, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 1¾ yard of 27 inch material for the blouse and 1½ yard for the trousers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Neat Simple Frock for the Little School Girl—3830—The desirable qualifications of being easy to cut and easy to make are shown in this model. The long waisted lines and plaited skirt are in "good style." Taffeta or serge is suggested for this model, it also is good for gingham, chambray percale, and suiting.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material. Embroidery, braid or ribbon will be nice for decoration.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple "Easy to Make" Apron—Pattern 3578 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36, Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 4¾ yards of 27 inch material.

Gingham, seersucker, chambray, lawn, drill, percale, alpaca, and sateen may be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Frock for Mother's Girl—3818—Active little girls like comfortable dresses, such as this model illustrates. This style is fine for all wash materials, and for serge, gabardine, suiting, taffeta, poplin and jersey cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. A 2 year size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Unique Style—3666-3828—The graceful draping of this model is not the only attractive feature. The sleeveless long shoulder blouse and jumper portions are unique and very pleasing. As here shown, brocaded chiffon and velvet are combined. One could use serge and taffeta, or Canton crepe and figured silk together.

The blouse 3666 is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 3828, is cut in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this smart gown for a medium size will require 4¾ yards of 40 inch material, or if made as illustrated, 1½ yard of figured material and 3¾ yards of plain material, 40 inch wide. The width of the skirt at the foot is a little over 2 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style—3814—Every school girl's wardrobe should boast of a frock of this type. With a warm coat or cape it makes an ideal winter costume. Soft woollen materials, plaid or checked suiting, serge, poplin, repp, gingham, linen, pongee and taffeta are attractive for this model. The sleeve may be joined to the dress or guimpe.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 2¾ yards of 27 inch material for the guimpe and 3¾ yards for the dress.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Seasonable Model—1974—Child's Outdoor Set. Consisting of Leggings and Coat.

This model is good for zibeline, serge, chevot, corduroy and velvet. It makes a nice, warm and comfortable suit for sport and outdoor wear. The leggings extend to the waistline. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 44 inch material for a 4 year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Exquisite Style—3839—For afternoon or dinner parties, this model is "just the thing to wear." It has new and pleasing lines, and not the least among its features is the uneven hem effect, produced by the inserted panels at the sides of front and back. In crepe de chine and satin, crepe de meteor and georgette either in matched shades or contrasting colors, this style will be very attractive. One could also have soft tricotine or serge, taffeta or velveteen with satin.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is a little more than 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

For Work or as a "Home" Dress—3809—Here is a very comfortable frock, with graceful lines, in one piece style. The pockets are a useful and attractive feature. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or in elbow length. Figured percale, gingham, drill, linen, serge, mohair, sateen, gabardine and taffeta are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Garment for House Work—Pattern 3485 is illustrated in this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 7¾ yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Negligee—3824—Popular materials for a pretty garment of this character are crepe, batiste, dotted Swiss, dimity, silk, satin, albatross, tricotette, embroideries, lawn and flannel.

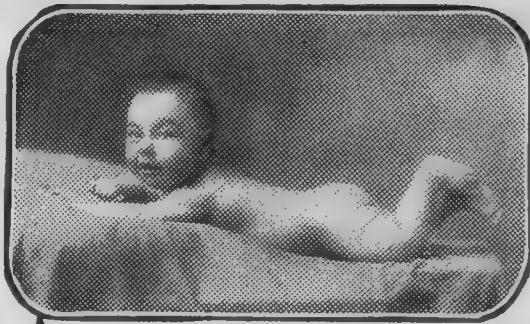
The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular and Pleasing Dress Style—Pattern 3592 is here portrayed. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 5 yards of 40 inch material. The skirt shows new style lines, and the blouse is a very pleasing model. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

Sateen, linen, pongee, gingham, taffeta, etamine, foulard and satin are attractive for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



**"VIROL
rallied
him"**

BABY JOHNSON.

140, Raglan Avenue, Toronto,
May 13th, 1920.

Dear Sirs,

This is just a word to express our appreciation of the virtues of Virol as a food for babies. Just after our little son was born, his natural supply of food having failed, he developed a bad case of diarrhoea, losing weight rapidly. He went down from 9½ pounds to less than 6 pounds. Virol was the food that rallied and sustained him. We have since been giving him Virol, and now at the age of seven months he weighs nearly 20 pounds. His flesh is firm, his skin is clear, and he is healthy in every way.

Yours sincerely (Sgd.) CHAUNCEY E. JOHNSON.
(Sgd.) (Mrs.) PEARL F. JOHNSON.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd., 2725 Park Ave., Montreal.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,500 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

S. H. B.



The Way To

Canadian
National
Railways

The Coast

Vancouver Victoria

AND OTHER PACIFIC COAST POINTS

—VIA THE—

"Continental Limited"

Canada's All Steel Train De Luxe

CARRYING

COMPARTMENT, OBSERVATION, LIBRARY CARS, STANDARD AND TOURIST SLEEP-
ING CARS, DINING CARS, FIRST AND SECOND CLASS COACHES.

Canadian National Trains
cross the Rockies at the
lowest altitude, easiest
gradients and in view of
Canada's highest peaks.

SUPERIOR SERVICE

FAST TIME
SHORT LINE

SUPERIOR ROADBED

*Any agent will be pleased to assist
in arranging your trip. Or write*

W.J. Quinlan, D.P.A. W. Stapleton, D.P.A. J. Madill, D.P.A.
Winnipeg, Man. Saskatoon, Sask. Edmonton, Alta.

Canadian National Railways

Continued from page 31
into a real sexes war in the not too distant future, if they do not see the light and change their ways.

All these letters to the paper against married women holding jobs, and single women holding jobs when their fathers could support them, is all tending in the same direction and if a sex war develops in Canada, as it has already developed to an alarming extent in Britain, the men will alone have themselves to blame.

The refusal of Cambridge to grant women the degrees they have earned, and the passing of a bill in Australia to prevent women sitting in their legislature are straws showing the direction in which men are thinking. There seems to be a panic among men on this subject. Apparently women made too good during the war and men are afraid of them. Of course no man living would admit such a thing but their actions shout while they remain silent on the subject and combine together in an effort to shove women back into their old state of economic dependence. It cannot be done, and the sooner men realize it, the sooner will the world get back to normal. What the world needs is not sex wars but the "Team work of every blooming soul." Whether in the home, the market place or the legislatures and the parliaments what is needed, above all things is co-operation and team work and co-operation and team work do not come from superiors and inferiors working together but from equals—in opportunity and responsibility. The "one perfect road" for the world to travel towards the "Dawn" of a new day must be built by "comrades" inspired by "Love, The Divine Roadmaker."

SQUIRRELS OR FOOLS

Familiar phrases are often the inventions of chance, and chance sometimes plays amusing tricks. The Washington Star says that this is the way in which the well-known expression, "The woods are full of them," originated.

A very deaf old man was shooting squirrels in the woods near Wiscasset, Me., when a stranger happened along.

"Which is the road to Wiscasset?" asked the stranger.

The deaf old man, failing to understand, replied:

"Thar's one—thar's a squirrel—sittin' up there on the tree! See him?"

"I didn't ask you about the squirrels," said the stranger, impatiently. "I asked you which was the way to Wiscasset?"

"Yep," said the old man, "thar's another too, jest a-peekin' outer that knot-hole."

Then the stranger lost his patience. "You're a fool!" he cried.

The old huntsman gazed into the trees; then he looked innocently at the stranger. "Yep," he said complacently, "the woods are full of them."

A RESPECTED SIGN.

Jack. "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the street car the other day."

Fred. "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."—Evangelical Herald.

HE WABBLED.

"Come out to our place to dinner to-night," said the banker.

"I'll be glad to," said his friend.

"Our girl," said the banker, "is studying music—"

"Oh, that reminds me. I've a very important engagement for to-night. Sorry, old man, but I can't come."

"Can't you? Too bad! Our oldest girl, as I was saying, is studying music in Chicago, and we're awfully lonesome evenings."

"Oh, I'll cut that engagement and come anyway."—Youth's Companion.

NO REASON WHY HE SHOULD.

A man from the north of England was spending a few days in London with a friend and, after a busy morning of sight-seeing, the Londoner took him to a large restaurant at noon, thinking that lunching there would be a novel experience for the countryman. The visitor appeared to enjoy his luncheon, but he kept looking anxiously toward the door.

"What are you watching?" asked his friend.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "Aa's keepin' an eye on ma top-coat."

"Oh, don't bother about that!" said the other. "You don't see me watching mine."

"No," observed the visitor, "thoo has no caal to watch. It's ten minutes sin thine went."—Youth's Companion.

Correspondence

W.H.M. Helps a Fellow

Dear Editor and Readers,—It is three years since I last wrote to this Correspondence Page, but I have always been reading the Magazine and like most other bachelors find it a pretty good paper and think the letters very interesting. It helps a fellow quite a bit and I often try the recipes from the "Better Cookery" page. I am sorry to say I never have very good luck, but the old saying is, "If you try and don't succeed, try, try, try again" and that's just what I am doing.

I was reading the Correspondence Page and see "Light of the Morning" would like to see the editor's picture. Well, I agree with her. I have been reading the Correspondence Page five or six years and have never seen it yet.

Like all other young men I am fond of dancing and all outdoor sports.

Well, I will stop now and if anyone cares to write to a lonely fellow, I will answer all letters.

Night Hawk

Loves Blighty but Oh Canada

Dear Editor and Readers,—May I join your interesting circle. I have been going to write for a long time, but have not been able to pluck up enough courage, however, here goes at last. I am an English girl and have been out here three years and although I am always longing for "Dear old Blighty," I like it out here very well. I hope to go to England in the Spring for a visit. I am sure to come back again for, after all this great open country, one would feel rather cramped in London.

I wonder if some English readers would write to me. I shall welcome all correspondence whether English or otherwise.

I am very fond of dancing and skating and am looking forward to some jolly toboggan rides soon now as we have quite a fall of snow here.

Now I will close as I don't wish to bore you too much.

Air Board.

The W.H.M. Makes Home Cosy

Dear Editor and Readers,—Here comes only another reader who wishes to join your club. I have written before, but was not one of the lucky ones. I guess the W.P.B. gobbled up my last letter, but I am not disheartened and am trying again.

I love the wintertime, especially when there is a snowstorm. It is just great then to get a copy of the W.H.M. and sit by the fire and have a lovely time. I like to coast and ski in the winter too. I cannot skate though I have tried quite often, but for some reason or another I cannot keep on my feet and it isn't a very pleasant feeling to get a bump on the ice. Oh! I don't mean a bump on the ice, I mean a bump on the head.

I am a lover of nature, books and music. I am not much of a musician myself, but like to listen to others play.

I must tell you that I live in Saskatchewan and I must say it is a great place to live in. It is very pretty around here in the summertime as we live near a valley and a creek passes through our farm.

I must stop now, before my letter gets too lengthy. I send my best wishes to the W.H.M. and all its readers. I would like to hear from members and promise to answer all letters. My address is with the editor,

Happy-go-lucky.

A Friend's Good Act

Dear Editor and Readers,—Here comes another Canadian girl to join your interesting circle. I certainly enjoy reading all the letters and hearing everybody's views on different subjects. I have only taken the W.H.M. for a year and must tell you how I got it in the first place. I was helping a friend and she gave me your Magazine for three years and I consider I was well paid. The first thing I turn to when my copy comes is the Work for Busy Fingers page, and then the Correspondence Page.

I did enjoy ex-Khaki Girl's letter and hope she will write again.

Steve's letter asking for a "Fair Chauffeur" greatly amused me. I think that when a fellow asks right out for one that things are pretty serious.

I was sorely tempted, about a year ago, to write "Not A Crank", but as I don't like to make hard feelings, I refrained from doing so. Just think him actually saying a girl should be spanked for using

powder and perfume. I would like to get a peep into his room and see if there isn't tobacco and cigarettes.

Aren't the grain prices wickedly low. Around here we can get about four, five cent chocolate bars for a bushel of oats. If only other things would go down in comparison it wouldn't be too bad, but, of course the farm products must go down first and be down for a long time before anything else starts. One thing sure, the farmers won't get wealthy in a hurry if things continue like this.

Of course, you will know by the above paragraphs that I'm a farmer's daughter. We have a herd of seventeen pure bred Holsteins and were the first in Manitoba to get an Accredited Herd (free from tuberculosis for two years).

Like most other members I like dancing, skating, tobogganning, skiing, crocheting and reading. Winter seems to have come in real earnest and so suddenly too. I am afraid the ice on the lake won't be much good for skating as it froze rough and it is now almost covered with snow. It is disappointing as we young folks like to spend our winter evenings on the ice.

With best wishes to The W.H.M. and especially Ex-Khaki Girl.

Just a Canuck.

"In Canada," Who Knows the Song?

Dear Editor and Readers,—Although I am not a member of the Correspondence Page, I am a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly and seeing where "A Reader of the W.H.M." wanted the words of "My Kitty has gone from her basket," I thought I would send them. I learned them years ago when I was going to school in Victoria Harbor, Ont.

My kitty has gone from her basket,
My kitty has gone up a tree,
Oh, who will go up in the branches,
And bring back my kitty to me,

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
bring back my kitty to me.

The dog that lives down by the river,
Just came with its naughty old bark
And frightened my kitty most dreadful,
And now she is out in the dark.

My kitty is one of the nicest,
She has a white spot on her nose,
She washes her face every morning
And that is the way I suppose,
They say that when people are frightened
Their hair will turn perfectly white,
If that is the way, then my kitty,
Won't have a black hair by to-night.

I wish to ask a favor too, could any of the readers supply me with the words and music, if possible, of a patriotic song that runs as follows:—

In Canada, our country, true patriots
abound,
We're just as loyal Britons, as can any-
where be found.

If so, please send it to me as we are getting up a Concert and I would like to have it.

Happy Buntv.

Early Training in the Scottish Home

Dear Editor of The Western Home Monthly,—In reply to the request of "A Reader of The W. H. M." for words of a song beginning, "There's a neat little clock, etc," I am enclosing a version as correct as I can recall after the lapse of many years having learned it at the age of six or seven in Scotland. It seems rather an interesting co-incidence to me that there should be a request for these words, as only two weeks ago in an effort to gratify my little boy's plea for "Another little song please mother," I turned my thoughts to my own early school days and out of that dim past the words, tune and accompanying actions of the little song came to mind as easily as if it were but a day since I had taken part in it with the twenty or thirty other little Scottish kiddies. I have just recently subscribed for The W. H. M. and to-day received my first copy and I am sure that I shall find a great deal of pleasure and help from its very interesting pages.

There's a neat little clock on the shelf
there it stands,
And points out the hours with its two
pretty hands,

One shows the minutes and the other
shows the hours,
As often you see in the high church
towers.

The pendulum swings inside a long case,
And sends the two hands 'round its
neat little face.
And lest it should go too slow or too
quick,
It swings to and fro with a tick, tock,
tick.

There's a sweet little bell which a ham-
mer does knock,
And when we hear that we can tell
what's o'clock.
We like ten and one, for then its the
rule,
To ring the little bell and march into
school.

B. A. W.

We have received quite a number of replies to this request and if "A Reader of The W. H. M." will send us her name and address we shall be very pleased to forward them.

"IF NOT BREAD, WHY NOT CAKE!"

An amusing anecdote is told of Lord Cardigan, a British general who fought in the Crimean War when a coalition of England, France, Turkey and Sardinia fought Russia. Cardigan was a choleric old general, whose bursts of temper were a constant dread of all his subordinates in the army.

It once happened, that provisions for the troops ran very short; in fact, the army almost faced a famine. One morning, when the general appeared for breakfast, the cook came before him and said, in a troubled tone, "Pardon me, your lordship, I have set the table in the dining tent as usual, but there isn't any bread!"

"No bread!" roared the general. "Why didn't you buy some?"

"There isn't any to be had; the stores are all run out," replied the cook.

"Well, don't stand there like a blooming idiot! Why under the sun don't you get me some toast?"

HOT AIR!

Teacher. "Willie, can you tell me what steam is?"

Willie. "It's water gone crazy with the heat."—New Guide.

130 EGG WISCONSIN INCUBATOR AND BROODER

BOTH FOR \$23.75



Freight and
Duty Paid

If ordered together we send both machines for only \$23.75 in Canadian money and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in **Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont.** Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped set up complete ready to use. **Ten year guarantee—30 days trial.** Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used. If you compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price is covering freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time. Make Money Orders payable to us at Toronto, Ont., but mail remittance with order to us at Racine, Wis.

WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO.

Box 200

RACINE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.



This Big
250 Egg Size and 250
Chick Brooder \$39.75

Barber - Ellis FRENCH ORGANDIE

Is used by all who
appreciate high
class stationery

In note paper
and tablets with
envelopes to match



FRENCH ORGANDIE

"THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED"

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

The Standard for over half a century



Fine Medium
Stub and
Ball pointed

Spencerian Personal Steel Pens

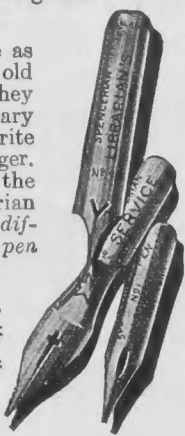
Made In England

Spencerian Pens are as tried and true as your old copy-book axioms. They are better than ordinary pens because they write smoother and last longer. We want you to know the superiority of Spencerian Pens. Send 10c for ten different sample pens and a pen holder.

Spencerian Pen Co.
349 Broadway, New York

WARWICK BROS & RUTTER
LIMITED
Toronto

Canadian Distributors



BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness and redness of the skin, irritation and eczema disappear, and the skin is left soft, smooth and velvety. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample free if you mention this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN Smells (Junior)

My daddy smells like tobacco and books,
Mother like lavender and listerine;
Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
Nannie smells starchy, soapy and clean.

Shandy my dog, has a smell of his own
(When he's been out in the rain he
smells most);
And Katie, the cook is more splendid than
all—
She smells exactly like hot buttered
toast!

Christopher Morley.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A. A. Proctor.

Something to Laugh Over

A man who had been called up for medical examination had curiously defective eyesight. At times he could see fairly well, and at others he was so blind that he had to have a friend to guide him.

On the day of the examination he arrived on the arm of his friend.

Several ordinary tests for the eyesight were tried in vain, and at last the doctor, growing exasperated, seized a large empty metal garbage can lid and asked:

"Can you see that?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Well, what is it?"

"A silver half dollar."

Ontario Post.

Boarder: "Here's a dime I've found in my stew."

Landlady: "Yes, I put it in there. You're always complaining about the lack of change in your meals!"

A small boy who did not like to do "home work" was being warned by his mother, says the Windsor Magazine against the evils that are likely to result from habits of procrastination. The boy asked her to explain quite definitely what she meant, and she replied by quoting the proverb, "Never put off till to-morrow what can be done today."

On getting the moral reduced to this simple form, he said:

"Well, then, mother let's go downstairs at once and eat the rest of the strawberries and cream; there were heaps left over after your tea party."

Auntie: "You must not whistle at the table!"

Bobby: "I wasn't whistling at the table, Auntie. I was whistling at the dog!"

"How do you find things just now?" asked the old gentleman.

"Oh, dull, sir, I'm very glad to say."

"You're glad things are dull?"

"Yes, you see, I'm a knife grinder."

SOMETHING TO READ RAISING PEARLS

There is an extensive salt water farm in Japan, where the gardeners encourage oysters to make pearls. The farm has an area of about 50 square miles and the water varies in depth from five to 15 fathoms. The pearl farmer selects spots where the oyster spawn in plentiful and plants, small rocks and stones. As soon as they are covered with oyster spat he places them in special beds, where they lie undisturbed until the third year. It is said that an oyster will not produce a pearl unless a foreign substance irritates it. As soon as it feels the irritation it proceeds to cover the troublesome object with nacre, layer upon layer, until after a few years it has made a pearl. When the oysters are large enough the pearl farmer takes them from their beds and carefully opening them, introduces into their bodies a tiny speck of some foreign substance. After that he replaces them in the sea.

At the end of from three to five years the oyster has coated the foreign substance with nacre, and a pearl is the result.

THE OYSTER

The oyster takes no exercise;

I don't believe she really tries;

And since she has no legs

I don't see why she should, do you?

Besides, she has a lot to do—

She lays a million eggs.

At any rate she doesn't stir;

Her food is always brought to her.

But sometimes through her open lips

A horrid little creature slips,

Which simply will not go;

And that annoys the poor old girl;

It means she has to make a pearl—

It irritates, you know;

So, crooning some small requiem,

She turns the thing into a gem.

And when I meet the wives of earls

With lovely necklaces of pearls

It makes me see quite red;

For every jewel on the chain

Some patient oyster had a pain

And had to stay in bed.

To think what millions men can make

Out of an oyster's tummy-ache!

—A.P.H. in Punch

SATAN'S PIGEONS

The real dogs of war were hardly the ferocious monsters that mythology has pictured. Even Satan, the little black dog that Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes tells of in the New York Times, showed in extremely trying circumstances none of the qualities that his name implies.

Not far from Verdun a small town held an important position in the Allies line. It was garrisoned by a few hundred French soldiers who had orders to hold out at all costs until they were relieved. The Germans succeeded in cutting them off from the rest of the army and placed a battery at their left to pour deadly fire into the town.

The garrison might yet hold out if it could only let the French army, now two miles away, know the position of that battery. The telephones were destroyed, a shell had killed the last homing pigeon; but with the garrison was a dog trainer named Duval. He had been sent from the dog school at Satory, with two messenger dogs, Rip and Satan, Rip had been killed in action, and Satan had been left with the French army two miles away. Duval and the dog had many times walked together over the ground that stretched between them, and the trainer knew that if a message could be brought Satan could bring it. Again and again he looked across the shell-torn ground, and at last he started forward with a loud cry, "Voila! Satan, Satan."

His companions looked, too, but all they could see was a black speck moving toward them—until the black speck took the form of a black dog that seemed barely to touch the ground. The men declared that he was flying. Some of them cried out that they could see his wings; but none of them except Duval believed that he could get through the artillery fire alive.

And it seemed as if they were right. A missile struck him. Duval saw him fall—saw him stagger to his feet, confused and faltering. The man took his life in his hands. He leaped upon the parapet and shouted at the top of his voice, "Satan! Come! Mon ami, come!"

The dog saw and heard. With a frantic yelp, he got into his stride again. On three legs, with the fourth, swinging helplessly, he swept into the town where a dozen hands were outstretched to catch him.

In a metal tube on his collar they found a message that read, "For God's sake, hold on. Will relieve you to-morrow."

But the dog had brought something besides the message. What the men had mistaken for wings were two little baskets, and in each of them was a homing pigeon. The garrison could now communicate with the army. A duplicate message giving the exact position of the battery was fastened to the pigeons, one of which got through. Then the French artillery silenced the battery.

\$27 ⁵⁰ ^{ON} ^{Upward} ^{TRIAL}
SEPARATOR
A SOLID PROPOSITION to send new, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for only \$27.50. Closely skims warm or cold milk. Makes heavy or light cream. Bowl a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned. Different from picture, which illustrates larger capacity machines. See our easy
Monthly Payment Plan
Shipments made promptly from Winnipeg, Man., Toronto, Ont. and St. John, N. B. Whether dairy is large or small, write for handsome free catalog and easy payment plan.
AMERICAN SEPARATOR CO.
Box 3196 Bainbridge, N. Y.

\$16.00 LODGE JEWELS
We specialize on lodge jewels carrying a complete stock of all the different orders. Prices are very moderate and our work is perfect and constitutionally correct.
Send for illustrated folder and price list.
B1005-10K. Gold PAST MASTERS Jewel \$16.00
(Illustration half size)
D. R. Dingwall
Paris Bldg.
WINNIPEG

COMBINGS!
SPECIAL TO LADIES:
Any amount of combings made up **\$3.00**
Also 15c Postage
Elite Hair Parloars
283 Smith St., Winnipeg

Carters Sunrise Introductions
NEW HYBRID ESCHSCHOLTZIA—Contains many new shades of color not previously seen in Poppies; flesh-colored, pale rose, brilliant scarlet, slate and smoke colors.
EVERBLOOMING HOLLY-HOCK—Blooms from seed first year. July till late autumn. Profusely branching, filled with large double flowers, great variety of colors.
DOUBLE GODETIA, DOUBLE PINK—Very handsome.
Send 10c and ask for Novelty Collection No 134 and illustrated catalog of flowers and vegetable seeds, or send for the catalog alone. Mailed free.
CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, Ltd.,
143 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

\$300 in Cash Prizes
MALO HINT NOO ROTT GIN WEPIN LEAN MORT Name the Four Cities
1st prize, \$75.00; 2nd prize, \$50.00; 3rd prize, \$40.00; 4th prize, \$30.00; 5th prize, \$25.00. Ten prizes of \$5.00 each. Thirty prizes of \$1.00 each, and many beautiful merchandise prizes. Rearrange the jumbled letters above so that they will spell the names of 4 Canadian cities. It may be hard but it's worth while to win \$75. We are giving these splendid prizes to advertise our artistic **PEARL GOLD NAME PINS**. The regular price of these pins is \$1.00, but if you will name the 4 cities and send us 25c. (no stamps) we will make your name, or initials, **SOLID GOLD FILLED**, mounted on a lovely **IRIDESCENT PEARL PIN**, and you also have the privilege of winning **FREE** one of the splendid **CASH PRIZES** mentioned above. Send your answer a' once with 25c, and win a lovely Name Pin and a **BIG CASH PRIZE**.
The Pearl Gold Pin Co., Dept. 8, Toronto, Ont.

FREE Rex Wonderor Rose Bud Ring
Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your choice for 12c, both for 22c. Guaranteed 8 years. Gold Filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2 Battle Creek, Mich.

BUSINESS can always be good if it is gone after in the right way. Advertising in "The Western Home Monthly" is an effective method.



Make Shaving a Pleasure With Cuticura Talcum

After shaving with Cuticura Soap the Cuticura way, Cuticura Talcum is an indispensable adjunct. Antiseptic and prophylactic, it is soothing and refreshing to the most tender skin.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Age Is Judged By Gray Hair

Gray streaks suggest middle age and start your friends asking how old you really are. Keep your hair its original youthful color by using Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.



This dainty, colorless liquid, clean and clear as water, brings back the original color safely and surely. No danger of freakish streaks or discoloration. The restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Send coupon for free trial bottle and test as directed on a single lock. State carefully the color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Then, when thoroughly convinced, get full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman,
1491 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown.....
Name
Address

Don't Wear a Truss



BROOK'S APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U.S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C.E. BROOKS, 161H State Street, Marshall, Mich.

MABEL HALL Dramatic Reader

Open for Concert engagements
Anniversaries, At-Homes etc.
598 Spence St. Winnipeg, Man

Patents Trade Marks and Designs

Write for booklet and circulars, terms, etc.
FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO.

Fred B. Fetherstonhaugh, K.C., M.G.
Gerald S. Roxburgh, B.A. So.
36 C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR

A GOLD BUTTON bright and round and beautiful, with such a handsome design, an ancient lamp which signifies the light of learning, and the raised motto "Wisdom is more precious than rubies" and the letters, W.H.M., C.C. (Western Home Monthly Children's Club.) There are now boys and girls all over the country wearing this button, a sign of the fact that they belong to the Club because they have done good work. Don't you want to belong too? Well then, get busy! You can't have buttons sent to you unless you work for them. Try the competitions, and remember that when you are writing "just any old thing" won't do. Neatness and care, good writing, clean paper, all help to win the coveted button. Think of the proud boy and girl who earned cameras this Fall just by doing something pleasant in the summer. They are taking wonderful pictures now, they have a chance to learn developing and printing, and they probably made some of their Christmas cards. You might have had a camera too. I hope this month the Editor will be flooded with letters; that the postman will groan everytime he has to pick up his bag weighted down with your mail; and that at the Post Office they will say, "Who is this Bobby Burke who gets so many many letters?" Christmas is over—the evenings are long and dark—now see what you can do! This month there are two chances for you to win a button and here they are—Here is a long word **Zingiberaceous**—and it means—pertaining to ginger, or to the order of plants of which ginger is the type—see how many other words you can make out of this and put them in a list neatly numbered. The longest list of real dictionary words will be awarded a button.

Your second chance for a button is this—**We are still mottoless**, no one has sent us in a motto good enough for the **Cosy Corner**. We must have the best, and if you can't find one that seems right to you make one up—something that will make a good foundation for us to work on for all the rest of the time there is a **Cosy Corner**. Just think what an honor it will be to chose a motto that for years, long after you are grown up, will decorate the top of a page in the W.H.M. This is worth trying for isn't it? But think about it, don't send in "Home Sweet Home" just because it is a motto. That has nothing to do with the **Cosy Corner**. Put on your thinking caps, set your brains to work and send in mottoes.

SOMETHING YOU WANT TO KNOW

This is only one of the many things you want to know, but I am quite sure it is something you want to know very much, for every boy and girl in Canada wants to know how the graves of the Canadian Soldiers are kept in France.

This summer Bobby Burke went over to France, and had the privilege of going across the great Battlefields that we all know so well by name, Vimy Ridge, Ypres, Albert, Verdun, and many other places where our boys lived and fought and died for five years. All along the roads leading through these great gray, treeless, waste places sometimes as far as the eye can reach, stretch cemeteries filled with the tiny crosses that show the resting place of a soldier. The French crosses have big rosettes of paper in the three colors of France, red white and blue on them; the Italian crosses are red and green, but the British crosses are just plain white wood with the name painted on or raised on a tiny piece of metal. At the foot of many of these crosses are little gardens, and in the older cemeteries which are within reach of some town, the grass well cut and tended grows to within a foot of the crosses and then flowers are planted in the space left. However, now the little Canadian crosses are being replaced by very beautiful stones, all alike, because every man no matter what his rank gave his life, the biggest thing he had, and so every stone for general or private is the same—a plain white slab, with a large maple leaf at the top, a cross at the base and the soldiers name and rank in between. On the highest point of the cemetery stands a great stone cross of sacrifice. Around the cemetery is a low wall, and the gates are arched with stone and have some beautiful inscription cut over them. All is quiet, beautiful and solemn, a fitting resting place for our glorious dead.

On the top of many of the high hills which were battle points during the war more large white crosses rear their shadows

against the sky, and on top of Hill 70 is to be erected one of the most beautiful monuments the world has ever seen, the greatest one of several which the Canadian government are to erect in the battlefields. The monument which was designed by a Toronto man will cost half a million dollars and will be visible for many miles. It has a base which represents the Wall of Defense. At the top of the wall stands a figure of Canada mourning her sons; at the foot of the wall are two groups in bronze representing Canada defending Belgium, and Canada breaking her sword. Above the wall rises two immense broken columns, that look almost like broken walls, and at the foot and top of these are more allegorical figures in bronze. The whole is a wonderful design, and will stand forever overlooking the Ypres Salient, a tribute and a memory from Canada to her splendid sons who lie in Flanders Fields

BUSY.

"Well," mused six-year-old Harry, as he was being buttoned into a clean white suit, "this has been an exciting week, hasn't it, mother? Monday we went to the zoo, Wednesday I lost a tooth. Thursday was Lily's birthday party, Friday I was sick, yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sabbath School."—Lippincott's.

PLACING THE BLAME

"I just stopped to tell you about that flour you sent me the other day," said Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, madam," answered the grocer, "that was the best flour I carry in stock. What was the matter with it?"

"Matter, indeed! Why, it was so tough my husband couldn't eat the biscuits I made with it."—Watchman-Examiner.

NO FEAST FOR LYSANDER.

Lysander, a farm hand, was recounting his troubles to a neighbour. Among other things he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use."

"This very morning," he said, "she asked me, 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have et this mornin'?' "I said, 'No ma'am, I ain't had no accosion to count 'em'.

"Well," says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so mad I jest got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast!"

A WAR-TIME PUZZLE.

A company of soldiers dressed in khaki, with the bandage-like puttees about their legs, were waiting for their train at a station in Wiltshire. Among the spectators were an old man and his wife.

"I say, Garge," the old lady whispered, "there's somethin' I can't understand about they soldiers."

"What be it lass?"

"I can't think how they get their legs into they twisted trousers."

HOW DELIA MANAGED.

A great deal of noise arose in the nursery one morning, and since it gave no promise of subsiding, Mrs. Odell hurried in that direction. She found the baby howling with might and main, and the new nursemaid sitting calmly by.

"Well, Delia, this is a terrible noise!" cried Mrs. Odell angrily. "What's the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?" "Shure, mum," replied the girl, "but I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise, mum."

IT IS A HANDICAP.

One of Chicago's old-time stockyards magnates, who was a philanthropist as well as a pork-packer, had an intense dislike to cigarettes, and would not allow anybody to smoke them in his office. One day, many years ago, a half-grown youth found him alone at his desk, and asked for a job as office boy. The packer looked him over kindly enough, but shook his head.

"I'm afraid you won't do, son," he said. The lad, who was rather effeminate in appearance, had received several similar answers during the day, and was somewhat discouraged. So now he said, with some bitterness:

"It's my yellow hair, I suppose!"

"What is your name, my boy?"

"John Harris."

"Well, Johnny," said the millionaire packer, "it isn't your yellow hair. It's your yellow fingers."



The Kidneys

The office man and the outdoor worker suffer alike from derangements of the kidneys.

Backaches and headaches are among the symptoms. In some cases Bright's disease soon develops, others suffer from high blood pressure until hardening of the arteries sets in.

In order to forestall painful and fatal diseases prompt action should be taken at the first sign of trouble.

Mr. A. D. MacKinnon, Kirkwood, Inverness county, N.S., writes:

"I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to all suffering from weak kidneys. I suffered from kidney disease for a long time. I may also say that for three years I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and no treatment seemed to do more than afford temporary relief. I was finally told of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes was completely relieved. I have also used Dr. Chase's Ointment with the best results, and never fail to recommend these wonderful remedies."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

COLOR YOUR BUTTER

"Dandelion Butter Color" Gives That Golden June Shade and Costs Really Nothing. Read!

Before churning add one-half teaspoonful to each gallon of cream and out of your churn comes butter of Golden June shade to bring you top prices. "Dandelion Butter Color" costs nothing because each ounce used adds ounce of weight to butter. Large bottles cost only 35 cents at drug or grocery stores. Purely vegetable, harmless, meets all food laws. Used for 50 years by all large creameries. Doesn't color buttermilk. Absolutely tasteless.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal Que.



ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Will reduce Inflamed, Strained, Swollen Tendons, Ligaments, or Muscles. Stops the lameness and pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin. No blister, no hair gone and horse can be used. \$2.50 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and interesting horse Book 2 R Free. **ABSORBINE, JR.**, the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Strained, Torn Ligaments, Swollen Glands, Veins or Muscles; Heals Cuts, Sores, Ulcers. Allays pain. Price \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. **W. F. YOUNG, Inc.** 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can. Absorbine & Absorbine Jr. are made in Canada

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly



WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Regarding Taxes

The will to reduce taxes seems to be a good deal more common than the way.—Galt Reporter.

Stating It Mildly

If placed end on end, the national debts would reach to the conclusion that war is unprofitable.—Guelph Herald.

Educational Value of Home Work

The problems of the schoolboy serve to keep the home sires learning.—Stratford Beacon.

The Chief Product in Russia

The only concern that seems to be making money in Russia is the government printing office.—Seattle Times.

What Is Wrong in Russia

As we understand Russia's predicament, the only thing wrong is everything.—New York Globe.

France's Difficulty

The French imagination finds it difficult to picture a Germany devoid of hostile intentions.—Calgary Herald.

Financial Item

German ambition missed the mark. But something appears to have hit it an awful wallop.—Toronto Telegram.

A Different Quadruped

Times have changed. It used to be that the village smithy could shoe Lizzie without jacking up her hind feet.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Looks Reasonable

There is little possibility of the hoop skirt coming back. That is, unless they change the construction of automobiles.—Regina Post.

A Main Cause of Trouble

A statesman says the money we spend for war is borrowed from the future. That's the way we get most of our troubles.—Chicago Tribune.

A Political Family Jar

Politics was thicker than blood in the Ontario constituency where a candidate's brother made campaign speeches against him.—Brandon Sun.

Shines of the Polish Hard Times

In Warsaw a shoe shine costs 2,000 rubles. That is what they must mean by the Polish problems.—London Advertiser.

A Garden in Holland

The former Kaiser has taken charge of his own garden. That's all right. There isn't the slightest danger that he will be able to raise his favorite crop on it.—Halifax Herald.

The Lines Russia Needs

A socialistic writer says that Russia's civilization can be re-established on broad lines. He probably means bread lines.—Montreal Gazette.

A Changed World

Time truly is a great leveler. Three former generals in the Russian imperial army recently were given temporary employment picking grapes in a French vineyard.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Worth Remembering

In a current magazine appears a long list of predictions that did not come true. And it is reassuring to discover that most of them were predictions of trouble.—Edmonton Journal.

The Late Mr. Dunlop

The inventor of the pneumatic tire has just died. Old boys who rode bicycles before his invention are best qualified to appreciate his service.—Victoria Colonist.

The Looting Crown Prince's Example

Berlin hotels display a notice "strenuously urging" guests not to carry off the bed linen and furniture when they leave. The bad example of that unspeakable German Prince in France is still at work.—Vancouver World.

The Condition of Civilization

The claim of an English writer that civilization is hard boiled is evidently based on his observation that it has been in hot water for eight years.—Stratford Herald.

A Gift Book

Believing that happiness in the home is promoted by a well-managed kitchen, Hamilton's city clerk presents a cook book to every applicant for a marriage license.—Brantford Expositor.

Hockey Note

Hockey players are advised to refrain from cracking their sticks over each other's heads. As the result of a fire in a Preston factory, where \$5,000 worth of sticks were destroyed, a shortage is feared.—Lethbridge Herald.

The Men and Women in the U.S.

The census figures show that there are 53,899,451 males in the United States and 51,809,319 females. But the ruling powers do not always lie in numbers.—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Companions in Friendlessness

A good place in which to find friends is a home for the friendless. In Ottawa's home all the inmates offered their blood for transfusion into the veins of one of their number who was sick.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

This War-scarred Planet

Astronomers report having observed scars on the surface of Mars. If the Martians think they can show more scars than our old planet they are entitled to another guess.—Duluth Herald.

Theory and Fact

To read some of the enthusiastic Socialists who write about Russia, one would think that the Russian Soviet government is a very successful one. Probably it is except for the trivial detail that most of the people seem to die of it.—Buffalo Express.

A Problem of Relativity

Paris has decreed the short skirt will be worn no longer. That is to say, no longer will the short skirt be worn. In other words, the short skirt, while remaining relatively short, will be worn longer, or at least—well, anyway.—Saskatoon Star.

An Investment in Roubles

People who are asked to speculate in foreign paper currency with good Canadian money should read the story of the Oshawa man who deposited \$480 in 1915 and now gets back 3,700 Russian roubles, worth at present quotations \$3.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Governor-General's Brevity

Lord Byng rarely occupies more than ten minutes in delivering an address. Many less distinguished speakers take more time than that to introduce themselves and in complimenting the audience on its intelligence and good looks.—St. John Globe.

Namely, Lloyd George

Secretary Hughes, of the United States, comes of Welsh stock. When Mr. Balfour nominated him for chairman of the Disarmament Conference he no doubt had in mind the skill of another Welshman in carrying on negotiations.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

More of the Woes of Wilhelm

Ex-emperor Wilhelm has had to discharge ten of his servants and hire a cheaper head gardener. That man's pitiful straits will yet wring the hearts of his former enemies, and before long we'll be asked to put our names down on a subscription list for him.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Canadian Bonds Sought For

The fact that long-term Canadian bonds are bringing a high price among Canadian, American and British investors is pretty good proof that there are a lot of shrewd people who do not expect Canada to go to the dogs.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Craze for Speculation

For hundreds of years the countries of Western Europe and the United States at intervals have gone through manias or crazes of speculation, which in the perspective of history have seemed so foolish and ignorant as to be unbelievable. The last, of course, took place in Boston and vicinity a year ago, about ten million dollars having dropped in that particular mania. In a few years there will be another outbreak somewhere else, and the only hope is that a steady education of the people in the advantages of the sound savings institutions of the country may to some small extent reduce the number of victims of this fatal pestilence when it does come.—Minneapolis Journal.

Doctors and Medicine

The modern physician is surely not generous with pills and potions. The faith in them seems to be rather among the public; it is the patient, rather than the doctor, who has faith in the medicine bottle. Without

a rude intrusion into the mysteries of the profession, we may conjecture that a good deal of medicine is prescribed not because the doctor considers it necessary, but because the patient does. And this policy is surely sound. The direct action of the medicine may be insignificant, but its indirect action is great.—London Daily Telegraph.

"A Grand Khazook"

What the world abroad probably does not realize, and what is realized here more clearly every day, is that "demonstrations" here are of little account. They do not represent any mass of enlightened thought or conviction. They merely mean that a small group with money or influence or both has thought it worth while to organize a "dust-up," a grand Khazook, to draw attention to their views. It is their easiest and most effective method of propaganda among a population of which the vast majority is illiterate.—Cairo Egyptian Mail.

The Great Lakes' Toll of Lives

In the 1921 season of navigation, as in preceding seasons, death has taken a heavy toll of human lives on the Great Lakes. These recurring tragedies make a momentary impression on public attention, and are forgotten. The sailors on the Great Lakes still await advocates to plead their cause in Parliament and in Congress, as Plimsoll pleaded it in the British House of Commons and secured legislation safeguarding their lives, so far as legislation can safeguard it, against the chances and perils of navigation across great waters.—Toronto Globe.

In a Berlin Book-shop

In German commercial circles there was recently a discussion whether there was anything left in Germany that could be bought for ten pfennings. An enterprising Berlin newspaper thereupon sent out one of its best reporters to search the city and ascertain just what this once popular coin could buy. After an all day search, resulting only in a few safety pins and odd buttons, the reporter entered a second hand bookshop and finally located an article that could be purchased for the sum in question. It was a bound copy of a work entitled: "Why the U-boat Will Win the War."—Westminster Gazette.

Poison Gas

Germany introduced poison gas, and the nations fighting for human freedom against Germany had to match, and overmatch, Germany in the use of that dreadful weapon. Scientists following along the line of German example have already so far perfected the making and means of using poison gas that it could be easily employed for the poisoning of wide areas and the destruction of civilian populations. Its potentialities are enormous and horrible. It is an insidious, treacherous and cowardly device. It ought to be abolished by the determined use of every possible means possessed by civilization for its abolition.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Civilized Eyesight

We have to pay for civilization—in diminished keenness of vision among other ways. An inquiry into the eyesight of five thousand natives of Africa, drawn from nearly a hundred tribes, proves their immense superiority over Europeans in range of vision by day, and not only by night, and in peering into water and not only into the air. The natural conditions in Africa give even a European an advantage in sight over those at home. In Africa he can read at seven yards letters that in Europe he could read at five yards only. But the inquiry referred to gave an average ability of the natives to read them up to twelve yards, and showed, further, that the sight power of half-castes is considerably less.—London Morning Post.

Medicine and the Will.

Medicine in the future will concern itself as much with the will as with the body. Medical men will study the emotions and their consequences as much as they study drugs and their results, and diagnosis will demand as great a knowledge of psychology as it demands of physiology. Treatment, as is already the case with shell-shock patients, will follow entirely new lines.—Calcutta Englishman.

A Much-governed Country.

Law-making is becoming one of the nation's largest industries. What with Congress, forty-eight State Legislatures and thousands of City Councils turning out statutes and ordinances, and commissions, bureaus and boards multiplying rulings and regulations, the country is in a fair way of becoming flooded and inundated with things not to do. "Verboten" is the legend on the national signboard, but it fails to forbid.—Louisville Courier-Journal.